

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1903

No. 6

THE IMPERIAL COMMERCIAL CONGRESS

By Ernest H. Cooper



HE third week of August, 1903, will long be remembered in Montreal, and may even be somewhat famous in British history. During that period, representatives from one hundred and fifty Chambers of Commerce met to discuss the economic outlook of the Empire. These representatives came up from the Isles of the Sea, from Australia, India, South Africa and Great Britain, each to consult with the other upon what lines future British progress shall proceed.

The British Empire has no common Parliament. One has often been mooted, but the attempt to create it has been abandoned, doubtless in the belief that the Empire has already as much politics as is wholesome. In its stead there are Colonial Conferences and Commercial Congresses, the former being confined to the government officials, such as premiers and cabinet ministers, and the latter made up of men who are acknowledged leaders in trade and commerce. These voluntary and non-constitutional gatherings debate the questions of the day, educate public opinion, and lay down lines which the governments, British and Colonial, may or may not follow.

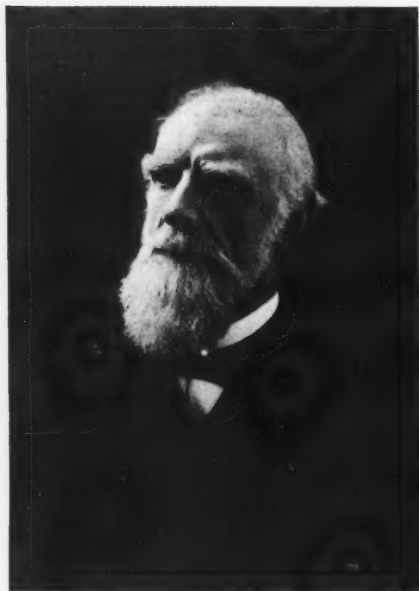
The Congress of the Chambers of Commerce is the Empire's business parliament, of which five sessions have been held, commencing with 1888. The work done has been and

must be mainly educative. In the third congress, for example, Imperial Penny Postage and Imperial Cables were advocated, with some tangible results. Resolutions are offered, several perhaps on the one point, are debated keenly, and voted upon. The resolution which carries is usually a compromise where there are divergent views, but once carried it goes forth



RT. HON. LORD BRASSEY, K.C.B.

President London Chamber of Commerce



LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL
High Commissioner of Canada in London

to the world with the hall-mark of the Imperial business man.

This fifth session was the first held outside Great Britain, and that it should have been held in Canada is a distinct compliment to this country. That it should have been the occasion of a Canadian triumph would seem but fitting. In previous congresses the Canadians battled royally, but vainly, in favour of a mutual preferential tariff. In 1900 there were staunch efforts made to convince the British representatives, but the only result was a neutral resolution calling for a Royal Commission "to consider the possibilities of increasing and strengthening the trade relations between the different parts of the Empire." This year the resulting fiscal resolution shows a great change in the general attitude on the part of the delegates from the Free Trade Islands. Canada's commercial opinion received a tangible recognition, a sympathetic consideration, and, when conviction

tion was carried, a loyal support.

The official number of delegates appointed to attend the congress was five hundred and forty-eight, from nearly two hundred Chambers, and of these about three hundred and fifty attended the first meeting in the "Great Hall" of the Hotel Windsor, on the morning of Monday, August 17th. The arrangement of the furniture suggested both a Parliament and a business meeting. Along the north side ran a long table with, at right angles thereto, a dozen off-shoots, each capable of accommodating forty delegates. However, the arrangement was afterwards changed, a platform being erected at the west end, and the long table moved thereon. This was rendered necessary by the acoustic peculiarities of the Hall. The gallery at the east end (see Frontispiece) was given over to the women whose friends and husbands sat below—women from India, Australia, Cape Colony, and other distant parts of the Empire.

The meeting was presided over by President Lord Brassey, noted equally well as colonial governor, successful merchant, and owner of the yacht *Sunbeam*. Some who pretend to know say when Chamberlain carries the day he will be better known as the father of a son. He is of medium height, a thick-set, ruddy-faced nobleman, dignified and pleasing. Beside him sat Lord Strathcona, a typical, if aged colonial, faithful in attendance and attention. Sometimes the duties of chairman were assigned to General Laurie, a Canadian, Londoner and campaigner—or, as he called himself, "a citizen of the Empire."

One by one the speakers followed on, wasting little time in rhetoric, using every precious second of the allotted ten minutes in advancing more precious arguments. In manner and voice they were typical of the mixed character of the assembly. There was the earnest and positive Canadian like Mr. Cockshutt or Mr. Ellis; the ardent soldier like Lieut.-Col. Denison;



EDGAR TRIPP

Port of Spain, Trinidad



W. T. ANDERSON

Chairman Kimberley Chamber of Commerce

the more self-contained and conservative business man like Senator Drummond or many an English delegate; the orator (mostly followers of Cobden and Bright) like G. H. Hogg, of North Shields; the politician, like Joseph Walton, M.P.; the energetic English manufacturer, fearful of a crisis like Mr. Hurst, of Burstall; the patriotic but confident South African; the open-minded Australian or East-Indian, and the eager West-Indian. Towering over all, so far as speech making was concerned, was that type of statesman and adroit debater represented best by Sir William Holland.

In only one respect were the speeches similar; each contained an expression of devotion to the flag, and a desire to advance the commercial interests of the Empire. The national anthem was twice sung on the first morning. Sentiment never failed to evoke applause — applause only second in warmth to that given to a telling argument.

It is impossible in this short article to give even an adequate summary of the arguments of the Congress. The chief subject discussed, as was pre-

saged, was the resolution upon the fiscal requirements of the Empire. The following is the resolution that was finally adopted unanimously:

"IT IS RESOLVED,—That in the opinion of this Congress the bonds of the British Empire would be materially strengthened, and a union of the various parts of His Majesty's dominion greatly consolidated, by the adoption of a commercial policy based upon the principle of mutual benefit, whereby each component part of the Empire would receive a substantial advantage in trade as a result of its national relationship, due consideration being given to the fiscal and industrial needs of the component parts of the Empire.

"That this Congress urges upon His Majesty's Government the appointment by them of a special commission, composed of representatives of Great Britain and her colonies and India, to consider the possibilities of thus increasing and strengthening the trade relations between the different parts of the Empire, and the trading facilities within the Empire, and with foreign countries."

This, without the words "and industrial," was the original Canadian resolution which was moved in such a bright speech by Mr. W. F. Cockshutt, of Brantford, Ont., seconded by Mr. N. L. Cohen, of the London Chamber. The Manchester Chamber urged the addition of the words "due consideration being given to the fiscal



HON. M. A. MCROBERT
Cawnpore, India



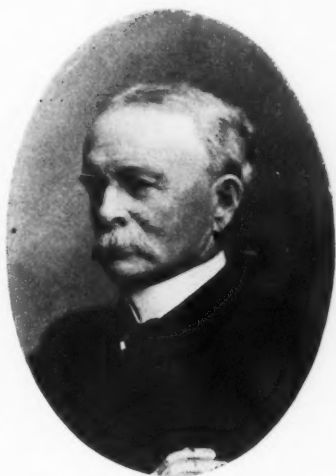
R. J. HENRIQUES, ALEXANDRIA
British Chamber of Commerce of Egypt

and industrial needs of the component parts of the Empire, without injury to any." This amendment, proposed by Sir William Holland, was not accepted by the committee, which had already decided on the main resolution, and another adjournment for consultation was necessary. Finally, on an appeal from Lord Strathcona, all agreed to the original resolution with the addition of the words "and industrial."

It would perhaps be well to point out a few of the considerations that led the Congress to the conclusion it did upon this matter. Foremost was the argument that Britain should adopt every means possible to produce her own foodstuffs, in order that she might be in a position to defend herself in the battle of tariffs which foreign nations have instituted. Maps of Canada were hung promiscuously upon the walls, and Englishmen were made to feel that when vast colonies such as this were populated with millions of fellow-subjects, producing food and raw material in plenty for the English market, and willing to consume domestic and British goods before all other, it

would be a glorious day for the Empire's trade. They obtained a new, a grander conception of the future of the Empire. They ceased to look at it solely from the point of the Little Englander. They compared the possibilities with the experience of Britain with the United States, where British capital and emigration have been poured, and where, in return, has been enforced the Dingley Bill. Prominence was given to the decrease of imports of British goods to foreign countries, and the increase to the colonies. Where was Britain to look for the maintenance of her trade supremacy? The English delegate contrasted the attitude of the foreigner with that of the man from Kimberley, who promised a preference of twenty-five per cent. All that could not fail to move.

Beside this matter of Imperial fiscal reform, the other questions dwindled in importance and excited but little debate, although some cogent facts were adduced. Mr. George Drummond dealt exhaustively with the matter of the colonies contributing toward the naval expense of the Empire. Mr. Robert Reford showed years of investi-



HON. GEORGE A. DRUMMOND
Montreal Board of Trade



M. L. MOSS
Freemantle, West Australia

gation in his address upon the need of a Fast Atlantic Line, and General Laurie criticized the British Government scathingly for subsidizing high-speed Cunard steamers running to a foreign port, and yet doing nothing for a similar service to a British port. Mr. Joseph Walton, of London, made a thorough examination of the English consular service, criticized unfavourably its efficiency, and recommended a consular service in the colonies. The Congress supported these gentlemen, passing suitable resolutions. To Canadians, another important resolution was that calling for the repeal of the British embargo on Canadian cattle. After some opposition the metric system was favoured.

Canada's need of a Bankruptcy Law was again recorded. The Congress also enthusiastically renewed its desire for the cheap transportation of newspapers and periodicals between the different parts of the Empire, and requested specifically that the action of the Canadian Government in reducing the rates should be reciprocated as speedily as possible by the Imperial Government. Commercial and tech-

nical education were thoroughly discussed and strongly approved.

It is not possible to estimate precisely the fruits of the Fifth Congress until the British electorate decide upon the main subject of discussion. But one thing is certain, that the debate, and the trip throughout Canada, will give the English delegates a much more comprehensive grasp of the purport of Mr. Chamberlain's suggestions. They will realize what it means to the Empire to develop the colonies; they will realize that the English workman is not so much dependent for cheap bread on a free trade tariff, as on a heavy production of wheat; they will realize that there is much room in Canada for British emigration and British capital; they will realize that the colonial is forward in industrial, social and constitutional affairs. During the past few years that realization has been coming more closely home to the mother country; but as Canada is not desirous of waiting for another war to add to what recent war has done for her in this direction, she hopes that this visit of a large delegation of energetic Englishmen will do much to carry a correct con-



W. F. COCKSHUTT, BRANTFORD
Chairman Delegation from Toronto
Board of Trade



SIR WILLIAM HOLLAND
President Manchester Chamber
of Commerce

ception of colonial matters back to "old England."

The Congress was only a feature of the growing Imperialism, and its significance lies in the fact that it has done much to show the character of the Imperial policy which will endure. That policy must not involve closer constitutional arrangements; it must preserve the autonomy of the colonies. Even the complaint voiced at the Congress that India has not complete con-

trol of her own fiscal arrangements may perforce be listened to. The tie must be devoid of all politics; yet it must be tangible enough to involve mutual preferential tariffs, cheap and quick transportation, improved communication; in short, all that nations of traders can devise to bring the component parts of the Empire into closer and more direct touch, socially and commercially.

SONG

BY MARTHA MARTIN

THY heart is like a gentle stream
On which my little bark I steer;
And wander in a happy dream,
Along its waters fresh and clear.

I care not whither tends my boat,
So that I never reach the shore;
I only long to drift and float
Upon this stream forevermore.



MOVING A SEPARATOR WITH TRACTION ENGINE

IN SHORT MOVES, THE ENGINE IS MERELY REVERSED AND BACKED TO A NEW POSITION

THE THRESHING OF THE GRAIN

By W. H. Belford



ORDINARILY the autumns of Manitoba are superb. Day after day the sun pursues its way, almost uninterrupted by clouds. Such clouds as do spread themselves upon the azure arch, are, almost without exception, filmy and unsubstantial, or are rolled together in shapes which suggest huge bundles of carded wool, or bales of cotton. Dry weather is characteristic of the great northern prairie in autumn.

As a rule, taking the whole year together, there is an almost continuous wind on the plains. If there are any calm days to be looked for, the old inhabitants know that the fall is the most likely season. A windless autumn day is superb in many ways. Sounds

come with startling distinctness from great distances. The hum of the huge threshing machines, the piercing shriek of the whistles of the engines, the rumbling of a train on a far-off railway track, the hurried drum-like beating made by the prairie chickens in their flight are all borne far and wide upon the quiet air. The trees in the bluffs and along the river banks are bright with red and yellow, and far away toward the horizon, a bluish, smoky haze seems to palpitate in the rays of the sun.

It is well that such climatic conditions are characteristic of the autumns of this great agricultural province. Owing to the immense areas of land cultivated by a comparative few, and the great bulk of straw to handle, a wet



STACKING GRAIN NEAR EDMONTON

fall would mean incalculable loss. It would be almost impossible to consign to barns the myriad sheaves produced on the prairies in a favourable year. Such a procedure is manifestly impracticable, and in fifteen years' experience I know of no attempt in that direction. In the early days, all grain was stacked in the fields as soon as possible after it was sufficiently cured. In later days, owing to the hurry of the season and the vast increase in crop area, it has become customary to start threshing out of the stook at the earliest possible moment.

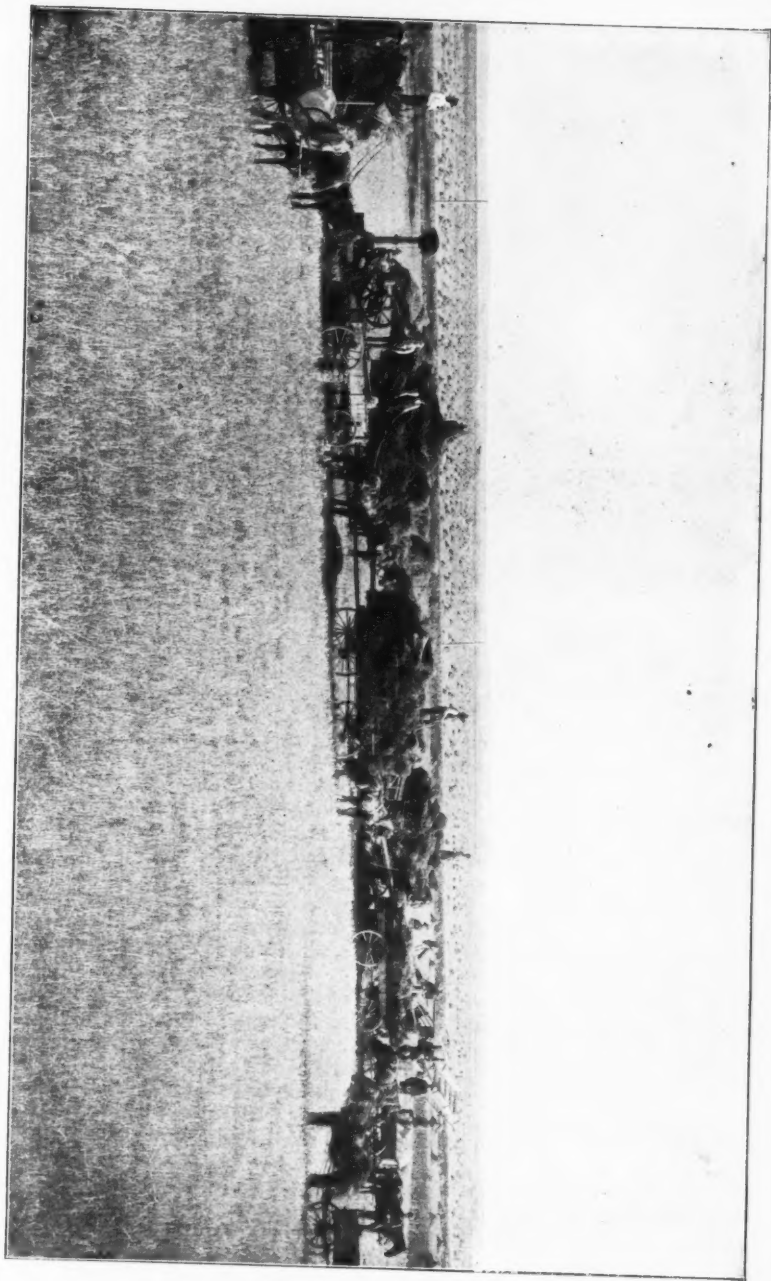
The threshing industry, like all other industries in these modern times, has been making rapid strides in development. For instance, in the old days the straw was simply dropped on the ground at the end of the carriers. In

Ontario, where straw is an object, men carefully build it when thus deposited into stacks, but here in Manitoba we simply wanted to get that straw away, so that it would not bulk up and interfere with the working of the separator. To accomplish this, a pony was hitched on each end of a long heavy pole, and two boys each standing on an end of the pole drove a-straddle, as it were, of the heap of straw, when it was sufficiently large, and bore it away in triumph. The heaps were left at each side in long rows, presenting a peculiar appearance to the uninitiated. The boys were called "straw-buckers."

People from the East, on witnessing this novel expedient for getting the straw away, were struck with amazement at the ingenuity of the westerner. But now the straw pole and the "straw-



STACKING HAY IN THE DAUPHIN DISTRICT



WESTERN CANADA—THRESHING GRAIN FROM THE STOOK WITHOUT THE PRELIMINARY STACKING



A WIND-STACKER BUILDING A GOOD SYMMETRICAL STACK

bucks" with their well-trained ponies are things of the past. The ingenuity of the American and the Manitoban has brought forth a mechanical device which, unaided, takes care of the straw most effectually. All machines are now equipped with wind-stackers. These are of various styles, as will be seen by the illustrations. Not the least worthy of these devices was invented and is now manufactured by two Manitoba farmers. These wind-stackers leave the straw in large, smooth, well-built stacks, containing all the straw of the largest settings. The wind is generated by swiftly revolving fans. These attachments leave the straw in good shape for saving if the farmer wishes to use it for feed; and if he burns it, as is generally the case, it leaves only one spot of ground covered with chaff and debris.

In early days the threshed grain was dropped from the machine or separator into bushel boxes. These had to be lifted by a man called the "busheller," and emptied into bags held by another man called the "bagholder." These

men sometimes had to "get a move on" as, when everything was working well, the grain came pouring out swiftly. Especially was this the case when threshing oats. But here again the genius of the inventor has done away with Messrs. Busheller and Bagholder. The high-bagger, an automatic device, which is seen in the pictures, standing up at the side of the machine, elevates the grain, weighs a bushel at a time and drops it into the long chute, which reaches down to the farmer's waggon. The farmer holds the bags at the mouth of the chute until they are filled. The high-bagger automatically tallies each bushel as it is weighed off.

The post of honour around a threshing machine is held by the men who feed and oil it. They are called the "feeders." There are generally three of them. Two of them feed the machine with sheaves, cutting the bands themselves. The other does the oiling and attends to the belts, sieves, and elevators, often taking a turn on the feedboard to spell the other men, as the work of feeding is arduous in the extreme.



SHOWING THE HIGH-BAGGER, AN AUTOMATIC DEVICE WHICH ELEVATES THE GRAIN, WEIGHS A BUSHEL AT A TIME, AND DROPS IT DOWN THE CHUTE INTO A BAG HELD BY A MAN IN THE WAGGON

As before mentioned, the feeders are the heroes of the separator gang. It is the ambition of many western lads to become "a good feeder." It is amusing to see the conscious pride and importance of some feeders, especially when there are onlookers. However, even the sacred feeder is bound to be hurled from his pedestal ere long by the baleful inventor. Already automatic devices for feeding are attached to many machines. As yet they are not exclusively used, but it is only a question of time till the human feeder, with all his glory and importance, will be but a memory on the plains.

The threshing engines now in use are mostly of the traction order, and some of them exert as much as twenty-five horse-power. This end of the concern is manned by three men, viz., the engineer, the fireman, and the waterman. The engineer has his code of whistles understood by the whole crew. One toot means to stop threshing in case of something going wrong. If this mishap occurs at the separator end

the man in charge gives the engineer a signal. Another little toot means to start again after such a stop. Morning, dinner-time and night are hailed by prolonged shrieks from the whistle. A number of jerky, convulsive toots warn the farmer drawing away the grain to hurry, as the supply of bags is getting low. Three toots, following one another at short intervals, warn the waterman to hasten, as the supply is dwindling to small dimensions.

The fireman has to get "on to his job." The furnace is fed with straw. The fireman uses a fork with an iron handle, and has to keep up a steady scratching and poking. His face is always black with soot.

The waterman draws water from the nearest creek or slough. He has two large tanks on wheels. He can leave one full at the side of the engine while he is away with the other. He fills the tank by means of a force pump and a long hose.

In stook-threshing, four men to pitch in the fields go with the machine, and

also six men with teams to "draw in." Thus in this part of the work, which now embraces nearly the whole of the season's operations, there is a large crew. The pitchers in these latter days are generally Doukhobors or Galicians. These men are splendid workers if they have not to handle machinery or horses. When stack-threshing starts the teamsters are released, but the pitchers are retained.

The threshing crew are fed by the farmers. To the farmer's wife the event is one to be dreaded from year to year, as there is a vast amount of work added during that time to her usual routine. In case she has two or three grown-up daughters to assist her, the experience is, however, rather pleasant than otherwise, especially to the young ladies, for there are often well-favoured young men in the crew. The girls know that in their clean print gowns, and snowy aprons, they appear as veritable angels to these hungry, dusty young men. It is an unwritten law among threshers to wash only at night. Therefore at meals some of the men are curious-looking diners, their eyes rolling in their blackened faces, giving them somewhat the appearance of negroes. But the young women are conscious that at no other time is their charm so great, as when ministering deftly and gracefully to the creature comforts of just such hungry, toil-stained men.

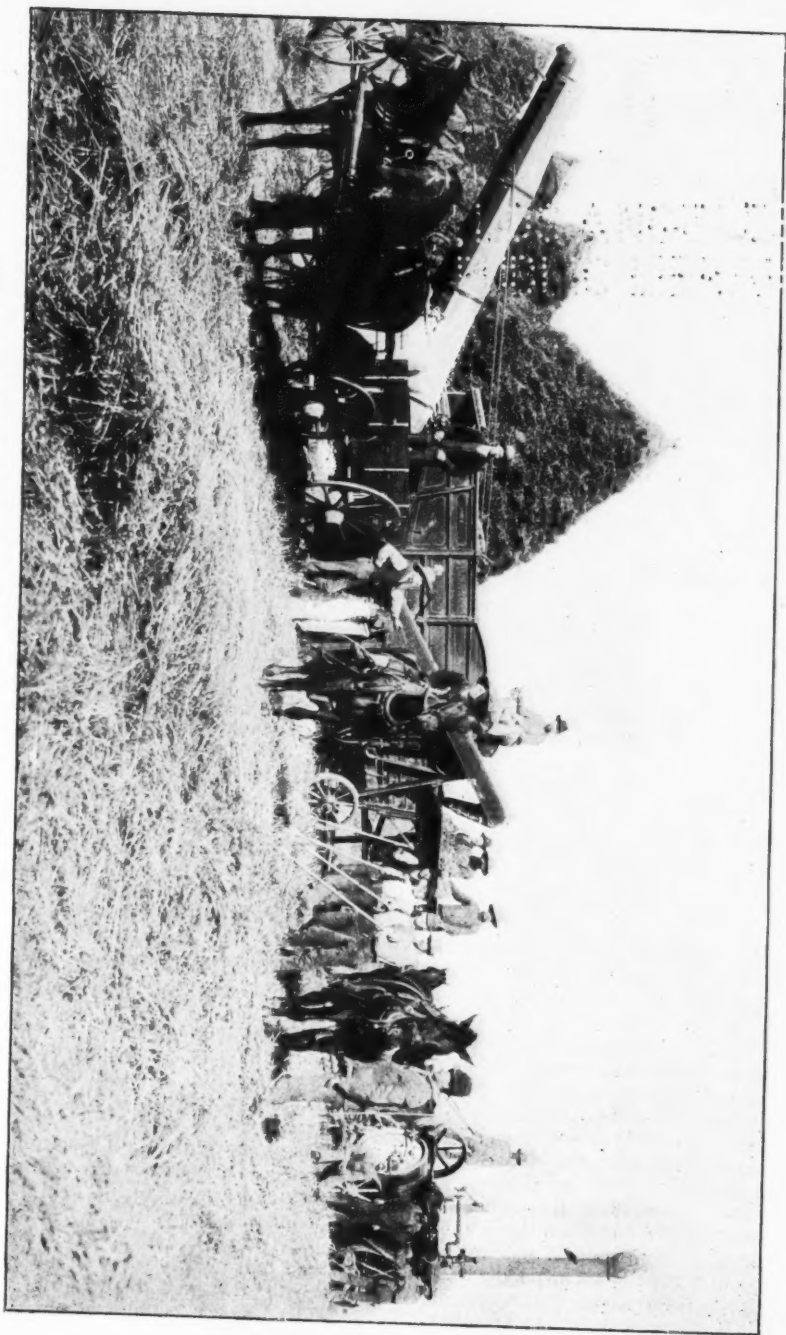
It is at table that the thresher's wit flows free; and anyone who has ever been present on these occasions will bear me out in saying that, like John Gilpin, the thresher "has a pleasant wit." At each meal the general conversation produces new and timely humorous sallies. Of course there are the old ones which survive through all seasons, such as "We're all good feeders now," and when some one for instance asks for the butter, to get the answer, "Oh, never mind the butter, go on and eat your dinner." Such occasions as these are the sum total of all possible delight for the farmer's young son. With joy he hails the advent of the crew to the farm, with regret he watches them take their leave. Some time or other he vows to himself that

he will put in a season "on a machine."

The season being short and the weather precarious, the owner of the machine makes his men work long hours. He has to do so to make any money. In fact few threshers make anything worth while. But the thing has a fascination for certain men, and year after year finds them playing a losing game. Work starts sometimes before seven, and often ceases only at dark. Sunset and the gloaming find the men still at work, while for miles around the lights of burning straw piles seem to spring up as if by magic. These are the beacon fires of the army of threshers scattered over the plains.

After the late supper is over (and it is an operation requiring time, for the men are famished) all hands retire to the waggon caboose. It is lit by lanterns and contains a stove. Around the fire and reclining in the bunks, the men puff away at their pipes, or lovingly roll their quids in their cheeks, meanwhile engaging in friendly chat. The talk is often mingled with profanity, and many of the expressions are, to say the least, indecorous, but there is enough of the really humorous to atone for this. Sometimes the conversation is such as to impress even the most erudite. I have met with a crew which comprised seven distinct nationalities, yet all the members were able to converse fluently in English. Many an evening was spent in listening to graphic descriptions of the various motherlands, which included England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, and Germany. This was a musical crew, and often in one evening visitors were regaled with songs by the native born, in the dialects of Scotland, Ireland, and the streets of London, besides songs in the purest Welsh, French and German.

The threshing in a favourable autumn lasts for about two months. Twelve hundred bushels per day is a good average for the season. There is no reason to doubt that ensuing years will see great improvements in threshing outfits, and in the ways of handling the bumper harvests of the great Canadian West.



THRESHING FROM THE STACK—A SYSTEM WHICH IS NOW ABANDONED IN SOME DISTRICTS



HONOURABLE CLIFFORD SIFTON, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XLVII.—HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON

DORTENTOUS figures in history and star contemporaries afford scope for writing, but the man who, although he may be journeying upwards, has not yet reached the laurel-crowned summit, is not the kind of man it is easy to write about. The Hon. Clifford Sifton is, however, a man of action, and has been a Canadian celebrity for seven years. Prior to 1896 the public of Canada had never heard of Mr. Sifton, although to the public of the Province of Manitoba he was well known. The people of Manitoba hardly realize, perhaps, that the leading men in their local politics are

not known elsewhere, but it is nevertheless a fact. To some of us at Ottawa who read the diplomatic correspondence on the school question between the Dominion authorities and the Manitoba Government, Clifford Sifton, the author of the Manitoba end of it, stood revealed as an astute and able writer of state papers. He was the Attorney-General of Manitoba at the time and also had charge of the Department of Education.

The hostility of Mr. Joseph Martin, M.P.P., to Mr. Sifton has been so marked that perhaps it would be interesting to give here the origin of that hostility, which culminated in 1896.

Mr. Martin was Mr. Greenway's Attorney-General from 1888 to 1891. Mr. Sifton, a practising barrister in the prairie town of Brandon, was elected to the Manitoba Legislature for North Brandon in 1888, so that in 1891 he had been a member of that House for three years. Mr. Martin, drafting all the bills and doing much of the work of the Greenway Administration, thought he ought to be Premier, and, it is said, displayed a decided disloyalty towards his chief. Not being able to get his colleagues to act with him, he thought to force Mr. Greenway's hand by resigning, believing that in a Legislature which contained only three or four lawyers the Premier could not get another Attorney-General, and would be compelled to open negotiations with him. Mr. Greenway, however, had seen Clifford Sifton during the three years he was in the House display considerable ability in debate, and, what was more, such other talents as made him a natural leader in the House. He, therefore, asked Mr. Sifton to become Attorney-General, and it was Mr. Sifton's acceptance of that office which gave Mr. Martin his first setback and killed his programme of bringing Mr. Greenway to his knees. To complete this incident it might be added that the offer of the position of Minister of the Interior to Mr. Sifton by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896, at a time when Mr. Martin was looking for the portfolio, again placed Mr. Sifton across his ambitious path, and he could no longer speak of that gentleman with calmness or patience.

Mr. Greenway came to lean upon Mr. Sifton as the real executive force in the Government, and also as the organizing energy of the party at general elections. It was Mr. Sifton who led the Liberal party in Manitoba to victory at the general elections of 1892 and January, 1896. The reason why the Western members of Parliament in both the House of Commons and the Senate make themselves felt is largely because of that Western energy which we hear so much about, but cannot

describe. It is indigenous to Manitoba and the Territories. The moment it passes the Rocky Mountains, and gets into the valley of the Fraser, and flows to the Pacific coast, it dies. It is a current of electricity which takes entire possession of the individual and makes him a hustler. After a large banquet given in honour of Mr. Sifton on one occasion, when scores of men were trying to get their coats and hats from a little room that would only hold ten, Mr. Sifton replied to a gentleman who offered to get him his coat and hat, "Oh, never mind, I will hustle for myself." So Mr. Sifton is a hustler, and this great force applied to a particular object is overmastering. A Minister of the Crown, who is not only willing but eager to get into the crowd and shoulder his own way, is in no danger of being left from any sense of having attained an altitude too lofty for contact with common people, such as one of his predecessors is said to have done.

There is nothing romantic, but everything that is strenuous about Mr. Sifton's career. He unfolds no great thoughts clothed in choice language, but he is a student of men, making the mistakes which all who pride themselves on this faculty occasionally make. He is a vigorous, practical speaker. He deals in no adumbrated figures of speech, but grips hold of a subject with earnestness and intensity, strips it of any sophistry, and exposes it naked to the gaze of his audience.

The quality of courage, which is indispensable to the successful politician, is not lacking in the Minister of the Interior. He is always ready to take up a challenge. Perhaps this was best illustrated in the famous duel between Sir Hibbert Tupper and himself, when the former, on his way to Ottawa from the coast, gave out publicly that he would stop at Brandon, and, before Mr. Sifton's own constituents, charge him with corruption. This of itself required no small degree of courage, and displayed some of that old Hessian fighting blood which ran in the veins

of Sir Hibbert's ancestors. Mr. Sifton was in the southern part of the province, and had an important programme of meetings, to cancel which entailed considerable risk. He at once, however, accepted the challenge, and the two men appeared on the same platform before an audience of 6,000 persons, who were crowded into the skating rink. Probably one-half were supporters of Mr. Sifton and the other half opponents. As is well known, the meeting turned out disastrously for Sir Hibbert Tupper, partly because he repeated charges which his father, Sir Charles Tupper, had recanted in the celebrated Philp letter, which was sprung on the audience for the first time that night, and which simply paralyzed the enemy. It was claimed that Mr. Sifton's majority of over 600 in the election which followed a few days later could be accounted for by the results of this meeting, as hundreds of farmers drove into the meeting, and said they would decide after the proceedings were over whether Mr. Sifton was guilty of the charges brought against him or not. Mr. Hugh John Macdonald was Mr. Sifton's opponent, and thus in the greatest fight of his life he was battling with two of the historic political names in Canada, Macdonald and Tupper. He encountered the prestige and popularity of Macdonald and the influence of Tupper, and swept everything before him. Of course, the magnificent organization which Mr. Sifton had in that election was a factor in the result; yet there are few men who would willingly go through such an ordeal. Brandon was a Conservative constituency, and Mr. Joseph Martin had been defeated there when it was called Selkirk.

There are many interesting incidents in the career of the Minister, but there is only space to mention a few and to try and make them illustrate his character. His executive ability and enormous energy were surprisingly illustrated by his reformation of the Department of the Interior immediately after he took office. He found nearly

everything in arrears, some things in a mess, and cases innumerable waiting for years for disposal. He took hold in November, 1897, and left for Skagway in September of the following year, having reorganized and reformed the Department and disposed of all the arrears. He was able to say that he had not left a single item of arrears in the whole Department, except one, and that was a very large question, the issue of patents for the C.P.R. land grant.

Perhaps a small incident at Skagway will help to show his quickness of decision and rapidity of action. The tide which comes in from the Pacific through the Lyn Canal rises and falls about twenty feet. At that time the enormous wharf which was being built out a quarter of a mile for the accommodation of steamers was not completed and was only planked out a short distance. The Government steamer was anchored out in the harbour, and the Minister, having finished some work on shore, was standing talking with a small group at the approach to the wharf, when a cry went up that the tide was going out and that the sailors couldn't hold the boat to the shore. It was seen that the tide was racing out at a furious pace, and the sailors were endeavouring to hold the boat against the supports of the wharf for a few moments. Mr. Sifton looked round, saw a coil of rope, and called to a man to take it and tie it to the centre of one of the beams on the bridge, which was done, and the other end of the rope dangled free, but short of the surface of the water by about nine or ten feet. He then beckoned the sailors to try and bring the boat underneath the rope, which they succeeded in doing, but yelled up that they could only hold it there a few seconds. Mr. Justice McGuire, who was with the Minister, was invited by him to descend and jump into the boat, but the Judge said, "No, thank you," and without an instant's hesitation Mr. Sifton straddled the beam, seized hold of the rope, threw himself off, and lowered himself hand-over-

hand as far as the rope went, and then let go. It was a question whether the boat could be held right under the rope, but fortunately it was, and the Minister landed in safety, and laughingly shouted up to the Judge that it was quite easy, and they would hold the boat a minute longer for him, but his lordship did not think that it comported with the dignity of the Bench, and came aboard later by another boat.

The allotted space does not permit of any reference to the many events of

Mr. Sifton's political career. He is now in London, acting as British Agent for His Majesty's Government in the Alaskan Boundary arbitration. His home, on Metcalfe Street, in Ottawa, is always open to his Western friends. He is fortunate in his domestic surroundings, and, on one public occasion, in the presence of Mrs. Sifton, told his audience that he was indebted to his wife for suggestions in regard to political questions, which sometimes enabled him to avoid mistakes.

TWO LOST TOWNS

By M. S. Wade



It is so short a time—less than fifty years—since British Columbia became known to many save the hardy employees of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies, that it seems an utter absurdity to speak of the "dead" towns of that Province. It must be remembered, however, that in the last half century much history has been made in the golden Province, and, as the sequel will show, at least two towns, thriving centres of business and population in their time, have not only ceased to be such, but almost every vestige of them has been lost. Even their sites and names are known to few but the old-timer and the newer arrival who have taken the trouble to delve a little into past history.

Placer miners, miners of the stamp who did the earlier mining with pick, shovel and rocker or sluice-box in California, in Australia, and later in British Columbia, were, and are, restless souls, migratory in their habits. Upon this floating population much of the trade, and most of the "life" of a mining town depends. Let these birds of passage be removed and the crispness of trade is gone; cripple the cash revenue and the backbone of the camp or town is broken. It will then require something more substantial than mere

sentiment to induce the "settled" population to continue to pin their faith to a place whose heyday is plainly a thing of the past.

Two of British Columbia's towns met this fate of loss of revenue and population, and of these the oldest was Douglas, named after Sir James Douglas, perhaps the strongest character that has figured in British Columbia history.

Prior to 1867 what is now the Province of British Columbia existed as two separate Crown colonies, known as Vancouver Island and British Columbia, respectively. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Richard Blanshard was the first Governor of Vancouver Island, receiving his commission in 1849, and was succeeded in 1851 by James Douglas, then Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post at Camosun—now Victoria. The entire population of the colony at that time was less than 500, and yet they returned seven members to the Executive Council instituted by Governor Douglas. In 1858, at the request of the Colonial Secretary, the Governor retired from the H. B. Co.'s service, and in the same year he received his commission as Governor of the new colony of British Columbia. For five years he laboured at his dual Governorship, and no more energetic, successful, nor

painstaking Governor has this nor any other country seen. No detail was too trivial for his attention; no undertaking too great for his energies. It was during his regime that the great Cariboo gold excitement had its day, and he it was who had built that celebrated waggon road from Yale to Barkerville, a distance of 360 miles, and still another waggon road, leading to the same goal, via Lillooet, both routes uniting at a common point some 47 miles from the latter town. The Governor was indefatigable, and as a builder of roads and bridges did yeoman's service in rendering accessible the remote portions of the country. In 1863 his commission expired, and he retired to private life with the knighthood he so richly merited. Four years subsequently he died, and in the same year the two colonies were united under the one name of British Columbia.

Even in these latter days one will run across some few of the old Vancouver Island colonists, to whom the mainland is almost a foreign country. The writer was driving a few years ago in the vicinity of Victoria, and overtook an old man trudging along the dusty road in the dusk. An offer of a lift was promptly accepted, and during the conversation that ensued the writer asked the old fellow whether he had ever been at some point on the mainland. "Oh," replied the old man, "that's in British Columbia, isn't it? No, I never was over to British Columbia!"

Which goes to show how difficult it is for some people to keep pace with events.

It was fitting that the new town of Douglas should be so named. It was called into existence by the wild rush of adventurous spirits from all parts of the world on the discovery of gold on the Thompson and Fraser rivers in 1858, and in Cariboo almost immediately afterwards. Until the completion some little time later of a waggon road from Yale, the head of navigation on the lower Fraser, through the cañons of the Fraser and Thompson rivers, the tide of gold-fever stricken human-

ity flowed into the Cariboo district by following the valley, occupied by a chain of beautiful lakes, formed on the one hand by the mountain ranges skirting the sea-coast, and on the other by the fastnesses forming the cañons of the turbulent Fraser. From New Westminster, near which at that time was established in a most picturesque spot the camp of the Royal Engineers, under Colonel Moody (under whose direction a military road was made from the camp to Port Moody, on Burrard Inlet, a name not unfamiliar to the C.P.R. magnates and to scores of unfortunate investors and speculators who were deluded into the belief that the western terminus of the great iron highway would be there), steamers ran up the Fraser to the head of Harrison Lake; at its head the town of Douglas had its brief existence. The site chosen was an ideal one. The miners, anxious to reach the mines, kept flocking in, and passing on by the chain of lakes and the waggon roads—portages—connecting them. Governor Douglas had a force of 500 men employed in making these short stretches of road. As an inducement to the men to turn to and perform this necessary road-making the Governor promised, and he kept his word to the letter, to land all provisions and supplies at Douglas at Victoria prices, no mean concession in those days of excessive freight rates.

The town was well supplied with stores, business was rushing, and the merchants who had cast in their lot with the new town had no doubt as to its permanence.

Each day saw its new arrivals at the bustling place. Seasoned miners from California and Australia, inexperienced men from the older States, Eastern Canada and the Old Country, men of all sizes, ages and nationalities, sorts and conditions, crowded into and their way out of Douglas day after day, and the busy packers with their trains of pack animals, mules and cayuses, had more than they could handle even at the rate of 50 cents a pound freight!

Amid such exciting scenes as were

of daily occurrence, some of the more staid found time in which to plant a few fruit trees. Attempts were made, with more or less success, to make flower and vegetable gardens. Life was pleasant; the town was growing; trade was rushing; the stream of adventurers continued to arrive and go, and all went merrily. The merchants and those engaged in transportation enterprises made money and smiled in placid contentment. But while the tide was passing through Douglas—and it was a tide, for in 1862 alone 10,000 men left Victoria for the mines of Cariboo, and on by the portages and the navigable waters of the Lillooet, Anderson and Seaton Lakes to Lillooet, on the Fraser, itself a town with a history of early thrift, subsequent decadence, and recent revival—the new wagon road from Yale was completed, and then came the crash.

With the opening of this road, the traffic was speedily, suddenly, and totally diverted from the old route to the new. The old and well-worn passage sank into a peaceful desuetude, and freight rates dropped from 50 to 12 cents a pound. The trade at Douglas rapidly dwindled to the vanishing point; merchants and residents flitted away to pastures new and solitude regained what had been wrested from it. Buildings fell into decay. New growth sprang up among the ruins, and Douglas became but a memory.

When the discovery of gold on McCullough and French Creeks at the Big Bend of the Columbia river started a stampede in that direction, thousands of miners, attracted from Cariboo, California, and elsewhere, gained the new fields by trail from the head of the Seymour Arm of Great Shuswap Lake.

During the winter of 1865, the Hudson's Bay Company, ever mindful of their own interests, built a steamer, the first built in the interior of the Province, near Kamloops, in anticipation of the rush that ensued the next spring. From Savona, at the foot of Kamloops Lake, to the head of Seymour Arm was a good reach of easily navigable water; needless to say the

"Marten" did a good business. Thousands of men followed this route to the new El Dorado, and—the natural sequence—the town of Seymour was established at the head of navigation. A roistering town it was too, full of life and bustle, but like its prototype, Douglas, it had its day. The end came to the Big Bend excitement, and with it to the town, and Seymour was no more. Almost completely hidden by the quickly growing bush, remote from the haunts of men, relinquished to the solitude of the forest, are all that remains of the once prosperous town; a few logs barely holding together mark the site of some dwelling, store, or saloon; a pile of stones denote that a fireplace once gave forth comforting heat to the tired and weary.

Both of these towns had an ephemeral existence only, but how much they saw! What joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments they witnessed! Crowded into their brief term of life what a variety of experiences! Of them it may truthfully be said, theirs was "a short life, but a merry one." There is something inexpressibly sad in the passing of these towns of a day, whose prospects seemed so bright when in the height of their folly and bustle and money-making. Wherever placer mining is carried on, history repeats itself in the matter of the growth, life, and decadence of towns, even as in these instances, when remote from the camps. On the other hand, the industry of lode mining brings with it permanence to the towns it upbuilds.

Like Job's gourd, Douglas and Seymour sprang suddenly into existence and as rapidly perished. Their life was not characterized by the plodding toil of bread-winners of the type that lived in that "loveliest village of the vale," Goldsmith has described with such inimitable skill and pathos. And yet the element of sentiment is not entirely absent; each of the departed towns is associated with remembrances that are not free from a pathos that bespeaks a kindly thought, perchance a regret.

ROMAN, GREEK, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CONCEPTIONS OF LIBERTY

By W. S. Milner, Professor of Ancient History, University of Toronto



OME years ago I heard the late Bishop of London in a public lecture in Oxford drop the remark that to know what any people understands by the word "Liberty" is to know that people. He perhaps added "and to know that people's history," for our national conceptions of liberty have grown out of our national experiences.

Modern progress in political studies has destroyed the old antithesis of man *versus* the State. We are unconsciously working back to Greek principles. We now can see that man is fashioned by society and realizes himself only in society, that freedom and sovereignty are complementary parts of national life, and spring from the same source, the instinct for self-preservation. The isolated animal is free only to perish, but "man is a political animal," and instinctively organizes societies for self-defence. The State begins, says Greek philosophy (and how exquisitely!), for the sake of living, and is continued for the sake of living well. Self-preservation is the origin, noble life the end. The Greeks have time with them. At every step toward that goal of noble living, so distant yet, if something has been acquired for the individual, something also has been surrendered to the whole. Something of personal freedom is continually surrendered for the sake of noble living, and something will continue to be surrendered to the end. Liberty and the power of the State are not incompatible, but how to hold the balance just between State and citizen is the master problem of government, more difficult in the immediate future than ever before in history.

Hammer or anvil was the only political theory known to the ancient world, and survival itself the greatest problem. There was no ancient "bal-

ance of power." Now the Roman, for national existence itself, made a sacrifice of individual liberty of a kind unique in history. His surrender of personal will laid the world eventually at his feet, but it almost extinguished individuality. His idea of liberty we shall understand if we examine what he meant by *imperium*.

As we reconstruct the faint outline of Rome under her kings, we see a citizen body of equals accepting without discussion the king nominated for them by the council of elders, and having once elected him, yielding to his *imperium* an obedience that was absolute and without qualification. We cannot hope to recover the causes which produced that ancient Roman temper, that marvellous spirit of obedience and self-surrender, which so differentiates them from the Greeks. Physical causes certainly operated most strongly. The mountainous network of Greece, the comparatively poor soil, the great extent of coastline, the neighbouring islands—so many stepping-stones—compelled and tempted the Greeks to take to the sea. Nature had determined for them in advance a national type of restless motion. Italy, on the other hand, was much more favourable to agriculture, and consequently to stability and conservatism. Moreover it is, at least, worth considering, what would be the political effect, in the case of Rome, of the occupancy of that little cluster of hills fourteen miles from the Tiber mouth, defensible, yet so near to each other that mutual destruction or amalgamation were the only alternatives. This amalgamation is itself a surrender of individual will. A long discipline of incorporation and obedience lies back of that city of Servius Tullius, a fragment of whose great wall confronts the visitor to Rome as he emerges from the railway station, a discipline that explains why

no wall was built again for a thousand years.

The ancient Roman head of a family was, indeed, king in his own house. Son, wife and son's sons and their property were under the absolute power of the head of the family so long as he lived. But over him again was the king whose *imperium* must, in the first instance, be obeyed, who might, indeed, allow appeal to the citizen-body from a capital sentence, but was not compelled to do so, who was bound only by custom, and who consulted the citizen-body only when some change in custom was to be proposed, a will, or an adoption to be made, or war to be declared. This leaves the head of a family, in the old Roman sense, king in his own sphere of property and private worship, yet it is very plain that these Romans knew much of duty, but little of civil liberty. It may, therefore, well be repeated that history has seen nothing like this legally regulated civic discipline, which was to characterize Rome during the next three centuries of her greatest political vitality. Obedience, absolute devotion to the *res publica*, the beautiful word which they themselves created for us, is the one great virtue in the beadroll of Republican worthies. Great men and genius are impossible under this national discipline, but, could Rome have created a drama of her own, she would have struck out a new type of hero, the civic martyr in a lost cause. The Greek hero, helpless but questioning in the face of a mysterious destiny, no Roman would have understood.

The overthrow of the kings was no great popular movement toward liberty. As Livy puts it, the beginning of liberty consisted in the fact, that the first consuls held the old regal *imperium* but for a year, and that there were two of them, the veto overriding the command. The *imperium* still survived. Thus the first Roman conception of liberty lay in a limiting, but more in a subdivision of the *imperium*. The consuls' *imperium* will be divided again and again among many holders;

the extraordinary tribunate of the plebs will be created—an office without a parallel, an extra cog in the political machine, which will bring it again and again to a standstill, and which will finally be used to wreck it, and at length the various strands of the *imperium* will be gathered up again in the hands of another monarch. And the last voice—indeed the only voice—of liberty will be heard in a degenerate senatorial aristocracy.

For it is inherent in the city-state, which grows out of the family, that power in its first descent, shall fall to the Senate—the great family-heads. Add to this the innate Roman deference to age and experience, and the further consideration that the expulsion of the Tarquins disguises probably the removal of an Etruscan overlordship with greater material resources than early Rome could conceivably have possessed, and we have the explanation which political philosophy gives for the Senate's accession to power. From the standpoint of the constant struggle of human wills it was, however, a direct usurpation of power and probably the Patrician reply to Servius Tullius' incorporation of the Plebeians within the citizen-body. The Senate controls the new consuls. Thus the long struggle of privilege is set up in Roman history.

Yet the Senate well filled the place it seized. By the Ovinian law of 312 B.C. it became really the organ of the whole people, every member of that great council having stood for the suffrage of the people, the majority more than once. In fact, from the Licinian bills to the close of the Hannibalic war Rome may be said to have exhibited to the world the first working of what we call constitutional government—the carrying into effect of the general will of the people, safeguarded by debate among men of age and experience.

For a moment we seem to hear the true note of democracy and to catch a glimpse of an Italian state, but true democracy is impossible when a city-state grows beyond a certain point. Rome had strained the city-state ideal

beyond the utmost conception of the Mediterranean world, but in the acquisition of her first territory over sea there was involved the distant return of monarchy.

The provincial governor carried with him into his province the *imperium*, once more intact, unhampered by colleague or tribune, and, while the Roman toleration of native law and custom was broad and generous, in this fatal contradiction of the *imperium* lay the secret of the Republican failure in provincial government. Rule of dependencies corrupted aristocracy and democracy alike, it removed taxation from the rights for which freemen in all lands contend, and the transformation of the Senate from the organ of the whole people into the preserve of an hereditary oligarchy was rapid and complete. At the close of this oligarchy's lease of power a returned governor from Africa confesses, "*Imperium nostrum ex optimo atque justissimo crudele intolerandumque factum est.*"*

It is the irony of history that Romans at last fight for an ideal, when victory would have made any moderate realization of it impossible. For what, after all, was that liberty which sounds so pathetically and so continuously in the pages of Cicero and Tacitus—that liberty for which Cicero perished in his unequal struggle, for which Cato destroyed himself and Brutus played the assassin? In the noblest of those last Republicans, pride of power, in the meanest—and most were mean—the right of a handful of decadent families, to despoil the civilized world. Can men gather figs of thistles? Could freedom broaden slowly down from the deed of a Brutus, who had five town councillors of Salamis starved to death to exact an interest of 48 per cent.? The fall of the Republic was, in truth, a great tragedy, but the "courtesy" of that degenerate Roman Senate had made it necessary in the interest of a more general and more distant freedom.

Imperium, then, is deposited once more in the hands of a single holder, who affects to rule in concert with the

simulacrum of a Senate. The monarch is deified at death, and finally enveloped in glory and worshipped on earth. We need not forget the faint show of political interest preserved in the provinces, as, for example, in Gaul, by Augustus' organization of the worship of the genius of Rome and the Emperor, or by the municipal system throughout the Empire. We need not forget that splendid period of righteous and enlightened rule, in the eighty years preceding the death of the Stoic Emperor. But we should like apologists for the new brand of American political rights to say whether they call this liberty. And we need not forget the noble achievements of Roman law. But was not privilege the essence of that law? St. Paul's proud claim of Roman citizenship was but the claim of privilege—the privilege of appeal to the Emperor—a long advance, indeed, beyond the iniquitous working of the *jus commercii*, on which the value of Republican Roman citizenship so largely hinged. In short, Roman liberty was the authority of the one or the few to rule and the privilege of the many.

Christianity, asserting a new principle of human liberty, conquers this magnificent empire, only itself to succumb to the spell of this *imperium*. Catholicity is of the essence of Rome. In the last century of the Roman Empire in the West, a Christian poet thus apostrophizes the mistress of the world: "*Urbem fecisti quod prius orbis erat.*"* A state, a nation not Christianized Rome itself could build. The Germans, flooding over the barriers and silting gradually into the Roman world, were bringing with them that which was secretly and intrinsically inconsistent with the Roman *imperium*.

Turning now to Greece, when we remember that the ingredients from which the state was constructed were the same as in the case of Rome—the family, the clan, the phratry, the tribe, the village community, the king and council and casual assembly of the people, the worship of ancestors, the ground-work of law and custom,

* Our *imperium* from having been good and just has become cruel and intolerable.

* Thou hast a city made of what was erst a world.

all resulting in the city-state, the type of Mediterranean culture—we may well feel astonished at the difference in the political temper developed. In Italy, as Mommsen puts it, the state appears to step forth like Minerva in complete armour, while in Greece the clan holds out against the state long into historical times, and the individual citizen stands out as an entity from a very early date. The political progress is also, in its early stages, that of Rome, from monarchy to aristocracy. But here Greece and Rome part company, Rome going on to fulfil the cycle of decay worked out by Plato, while in Greece most states oscillate backwards and forwards between tyranny and democracy. And in truth the experience of our own generation almost convinces us that this oscillation has in it something normal.

The result, then, was a multitude of little city-states, with a passionate instinct for home rule, forever embroiled in Lilliputian war, grouping themselves for purposes of worship and trade, proudly conscious of a community of race, and, in their great games and common reverence for Delphi, showing a certain instinct towards actual unity, striking out the federal idea again and again, but never attaining political unity until, under the sway of Macedonia, the scorned sister of the great Greek family, they achieved that brilliant historic revenge upon Persia and created a short-lived world-empire, alien to their instincts, whose work presently devolved upon Rome. The most painful pages in Greek history recount the inability of these inveterate home-rulers to combine against the common foe.

As with Rome, so with Greece, we are not wrong in attributing national temper more to physical environment than race, and the features of physical contrast have already been stated. The great exception in this general picture of Greece is, of course, Sparta, and the Spartans remind us of the Romans. Yet nothing could be less like Sparta, apparently, than her western colony Tarentum. Now, Sparta

was essentially a city of the plain, beset, like Rome, by mountains, and compelled as no other Greek state to attain military discipline. At the same time Nature had not given her a background of enforced amalgamation, nor the levelling spirit of commerce. While Athens, on the other hand, the glory of Greece, alone among the Greek states evinced some slight instinct for incorporation. Athens comprised Attica. Is it fanciful to see in this larger citizen-body some blind germ of that larger spirit which rallied these jealous little states against the Persian, which strove for a brief hour to make Athens the school of Hellas, and failing, laid the world in debt for countless lessons in beauty and truth? The Athenians alone became a people, though there are ugly things to be said of their Laconizers and Medizers, her pro-Boers. Then philosophers, too, were against them. In any case geography is a deeper explanation of Greek political character than race.

Resistance then to arbitrary authority and an unconquerable predilection for having something to say in government are the essence of the Greek political temper; and faction is its peculiar weakness, indeed the disease which destroyed most of their city-states. Pericles' boast of the "open-door" comes home peculiarly to Englishmen of our day as they have become more conscious of the meaning of their own empire, and may we not say the same of the Pan-Hellenic idea of the next generation of Athenian statesmanship? True Greek empire lay in this direction. The blood of our race speaks in the veins of us Colonials, but community of national ideals is a bond more powerful than any formal union. And it is just in this colonial expansion of Greece that we best realize the work of that little England. Those old-time voyagers, whose marvellous tales of new worlds are echoed for us in the Odyssey, recall our Frobishers, Drakes and Hawkinses. They dotted the Mediterranean world with their colonies, but each autonomous, and, in true Greek fashion, rarely connected with

the mother city by any political tie whatever.

In the political field, then, the Greeks have liberated an idea. They have made a first contribution towards what the centuries have not yet completed—a reasoned definition of liberty. They have brought into the realm of consciousness an instinct which time will never extinguish on the earth, the instinct which in individuals and states moves toward autonomy.

But they made another contribution of far greater moment. They, first of men, on the Ionian coast, advance the claim that the universe is explicable to human reason. They question their own theology, the foundations of duty and of society itself. They question the legitimacy of slavery, the very basis of ancient culture. Of all our debts to Greece none is so great as this freedom of thought.

The political life-time of Greece is short as that of Rome is long—both perish from the defects of their virtues. This individualism and rationalism of Greece inflicted deep wounds upon Republican Rome, and once again the Greek spirit was destined to meet its great antagonist when the conflict was joined between Protestantism and Catholicism. For in Greece and Rome we have two eternal principles standing out in naked simplicity, individualism and obedience, self-assertion and self-effacement, both self-destructive. Greece and Rome between them have made the ultimate appearance of democracy inevitable, but they have also shown its Scylla and Charybdis. Tyranny is the degenerate form of submission to authority, faction of individual self-assertion. Between these extremes it would seem that most popular government is doomed to oscillate until religion and science unite in establishing social justice. I say "most" popular government, because I come now to what I believe is an exception.

Many of us have been taught to regard Anglo-Saxon civil and political liberty as the collective body of rights won by fierce and continuous

struggle from absolute and irresponsible power. William the Conqueror acquired England in undisputed, absolute personal ownership, acknowledging but one obligation, the defence of the realm and administration of justice within it. Justice and peace, however, were of the royal favour, for which the rents of the land were a compensation. This claim of vested right obtained a legal expression when John alienated the land and all its appurtenances to Pope Innocent, who reconveyed it to him for the rent of 1,000 marks, which was paid for over a century. Resistance won the Great Charter, the first step in a long series of deprivations of vested right, which summed up constitute English civil and political liberty.

But this constitutional method is now abandoned. We can now see that the foundations of our liberty vastly antedate the charter, that they lie in English character, as it was carried from its European home. Ultimately the English will administer their own affairs and in their own way, they will submit only to laws and taxes which they have themselves ordained. They have all the inveterate Greek instinct for autonomy. But the Greek, at bottom, could not consider himself as apart from his state. In short, there is a collectivism in the Greek hardly less than in the Roman, which belongs to the city state. Now Tacitus felt instinctively this difference in type from Mediterranean culture. He puts his finger on the very traits which explain the difference in the evolution of the Teutonic state. (1) They do not dwell in cities, he says, and even in their village communities, which are scattered in random fashion, they do not live contiguously. We were never gregarious. (2) They have a strange respect for their women. (3) In speaking of their religious notions, could he have had our retrospect, he would have said they have no localized gods. The city with its localized gods is the root of Mediterranean culture. (4) He dwells on their "comitatus." Here is the very kernel of the difference. The Greek, and very specially the Ro-

man, state starts from the father of the family, the head of its worship of ancestors; the Teutonic from this confraternity in arms. We know, further, that their kings were chosen only for time of war. Now here clearly is English political character, as was pointed out by Gibbon and Hume before it was dwelt on by constitutional historians. But this character, too, as Greek and Roman character, is not a matter of race. Mother earth has had her will of us. One may simply ask this question—What is the bearing of that forest and fen life of our ancestors, in contrast with the abundance of small defensible hills in the Græco-Roman world? But I am not prepared to fall in with the doctrine, that physical environment is the whole explanation of primitive national types. Primitive religion may go deeper, or it may only push the explanation still further back. But the hopeless nature of this problem we may see when we reflect that in Italy the Samnite sacred woodpecker evidences a stage immensely back of the religion of the ancient city state, *i.e.*, totem worship. I am insisting only that national character is not a matter of race, but of national experience.

Here, then, at the very outset, are deep differences in the Græco-Roman and English political character. The primitive cell of their future form of state seems almost the same, but there is something prophetic in the acclamation of the Homeric assembly, the sober legality of question and answer in the Roman, and the tumultuous shield-clashing of the ancient English host. The Greek will debate, the Roman legalise, the Englishman will fight. But long national experience, far different from either Greek or Roman, has tempered this fighting instinct. He will fight only when it is worth his while. For centuries after the conquest he was content if left unmolested on his land. The coming centuries were to teach him the lessons which the Greeks and Romans learned separately, and to produce in him a temper compounded of both.

He was to learn, as no other people has learned, that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, that the machinery of government may be seized by king, nobles, priest, parliament and class interest. In Roman history the Senate was the one great usurpation of power from which the Romans worked back to tyranny, and there remained. We English begin by restraining our Norman kings with the charter and committee of twenty-five. But these committees prove short-lived. Again and again during more than a century royal absolutism is welcomed as a diminution of tyranny. For a long period the great problem is how to restrain tyrannical kings without multiplying tyranny. But English nationality is awake, and we are slowly groping for a king who shall represent the English idea. We then, abandoning committees, restrain the first Edward by the barons and knights in Parliament. The Parliament practically deposes his successor, and under Edward III. we find the town-burgesses sitting side by side with the knights of the shire. Royal ministers are impeached. Another king is deposed, and the principle that Parliament may change the succession is asserted in the accession of Henry IV., who definitely leans on the commonalty. But before two centuries of effort at restraint of despotism by Parliament are over we return to kingly absolutism. Nevertheless the Tudor régime is not retrograde. The Tudors lean on the nation at large and free us from the competing sovereign. This dual sovereignty of Pope and King has at last been found incompatible with liberty. The Tudors introduce into sovereignty the first idea of responsibility—responsibility to God, it is true, but a recognition that kingship is a trust, something very different from the Norman and Plantagenet idea. The divine-right theory fails, too, in its turn, but after weakening the Lords and raising the Commons. And these Commons, after having been the tool of absolutism, after giving the king's proclamations the force of law, end by taking sov-

ereignty into their own hands and beheading a king. But Parliament, too, we felt at length could fail to represent the nation. Under the Hanoverians, parliamentary liberty came to mean the rule of the moneyed interests and landlordism. Then came the last great assertion of English instinct, and the extension of the franchise in 1832 and 1867 and 1886.

This political progress so hurriedly sketched, is nothing but the constant assertion of original English instinct against the Roman idea. Cromwell, Pym, Hampden belonged to the small landowners. For two centuries our great "uncrowned kings" have represented really the same middle class and the same English ideal of liberty. Pitt learned in his father's school. By circumstances only, a Tory, he was forced to use a combination of the commercial interests and the great landed proprietors. His pupil Canning came of the same class, and maintained the same combination. Peel's father was a calico-printer. Under him the combination was broken, and Peel went with his own. Gladstone is likewise representative, his Tory education the better enabling him to hold power. It can hardly be said that these two centuries bear out Mr. Kidd's doctrine of the growth of popular liberty, as a long series of concessions from the ruling class, dictated by the unconscious promptings of a sense of justice or humanitarian impulse.

We have thus, by an experience unparalleled, achieved our political liberty and been taught its value and unstable character. It is maintained only by the steady pressure of a national opinion and an instinct now so deeply engrained in the nation that eclipse is inconceivable. But this is equally true of our civil liberty. We have long been taught that the citadel of our liberties is rather in the common law than in the Bill of Supply or Mutiny Act, or the constitution. And this is true. As Baron Bramwell put it, "There is no right in this country under the law so sacred as the right of personal liberty." But this citadel of our liberty is being

constantly, and often extensively, repaired and extended, less by statute than the judges. Nothing can be more significant than their constant basing of decisions upon the ground of enlightened public interest. Here again the assertion of original English instinct is the great working force—instinct brought with us from the shores of the Baltic.

But if we do well to emphasize the original basis of character, our national experiences have also steadily and deeply coloured our conception of liberty. The Norman conquest in particular has permanently moulded our political conceptions in two ways.

In the first place it has developed in English people a profound distrust of government. The nightmare of the feudal and divine-right theory still oppresses them. Government is a thing to be watched and checked, to be confined within the sphere of the national defence and the maintenance of the peace. English people, therefore, leave a multitude of things to private initiative, which we in the western world transact by government, such as the lifeboat system, the system of marine inspection, experimental farms (the work, for example, of Sir J. B. Lawes), and education, until yesterday. Hospital Sunday is probably one of the first surprises to all of us who have visited London. The long list of societies figuring in our government reports as in receipt of government subvention finds no counterpart in England.

On the other hand, the English people can be found regarding society as a partnership—the ancient confraternity, not paternalism—in a manner not yet paralleled on this side of the Atlantic. I mean, of course, in the municipalities. They have been, from the first, the true centres of English liberty. Had our own first municipal act been maintained, we should have left out the kernel of the English municipal system. But the day is yet far distant when our municipalities will succeed in such enterprises as those so wonderfully multiplied to-day in Eng-

land. It is true that the English municipal bonds are falling in value—municipal enterprise is found in many cases to be more expensive than anticipated—but this is not the great obstacle standing in the way with us and our American cousins. Centuries of stern experience have taught the English to control the great foe of Western civil liberty—the predatory politician.

This brings us to the second great result of English experience after the Norman conquest. Dickens' philosophical comment on that "memorable fact in genealogy that no De Any ones ever came over with Anybody else" than the great William, and the theory by which that ingenious Frenchman, M. Demolins, derives the English ruling classes, may not correspond very accurately with the facts of the case, but one may venture to maintain that some strain of blood combined with the working of the Norman, the Roman idea accounts for English Toryism. Common law, the Borough, Wiclif—ancient head of Balliol, still the centre of Oxford liberalism, Cromwell, Whigs, Wesley, the Manchester School, the line of great commoners from Pitt to Gladstone, represent the English idea and more purely English stock; King, Church, Nobles, Feudalism, Vested rights, Toryism, represent the Roman. The former splendidly characterized by a sense of duty and by public spirit; the latter by a sturdy individualism and tenacious assertion of the rights of the mass.

But further, and this appears to me the great English quality, these fundamental ideas, English and Roman, not merely run in separate currents of national life, but are largely fused in the individual Englishman. Immediate, unquestioned recognition of the rights of the other man, pugnacious, even quixotic insistence on his own co-exist in the same man. This explains many a thing in English life which strikes us as ludicrous, though it is not certain who will laugh last. The spectacle of Sairey Gamp delaying the coach in the stowing of her luggage and precious

umbrella is English to the core. The adorable Sairey is the only ludicrous feature in the scene to the average Englishman, but we Westerners are astonished, on the one hand, that passengers and coachman should take Sairey's claims for granted, and on the other, at Sairey's complacent assurance against a coach. An Englishman loves a lord, acknowledges vested rights only too well, but he will pursue the management of a "London and Globe" company where governments are afraid to follow, and he will fight a railroad in the courts to avoid paying twopence instead of a penny for wheeling a bicycle over a railway bridge—and he will win. Such a temper is too wonderful for us, we may not attain unto it! We throw a man out of hand, without a warrant, into the common police cells, for disposing of a railroad ticket. This disciplined individualism is the great and distinguishing glory of English character. The woof is Greek and Roman, but the warp is original English. There is no artistic control in this English conception of liberty—nor any theory. The Englishman has never defined it. He has no ideal. He is for the *status quo*. Liberty is what he has got, and he will get more of it when he wants it, but he is in no hurry. At bottom he believes in no natural rights of man, except the right to fight for his own hand, and to help the under dog. But no man knows so well the value of this liberty he has got, and how unstable a thing it is. This English spirit is, and has ever been, at bottom, ultimate democracy, but it is not collective democracy, the spirit of the crowd. Though there are signs of this temper in English life, I should venture the assertion that England has silently passed the critical moment.

Let us now follow our kin across the Atlantic and ask whether they have kept their ancient temper. From actual public utterances I may build a paragraph for a speech of an American Pericles:

"American democracy is more than a form of government. It is a great

religious faith. It is faith in man—not merely good-will to man nor hope for man, but faith in man. Like Romulus of old we have opened an asylum. We welcome all comers to share our lands and compete with us. We trust the people as a whole to decide the greatest issues, silver or gold, the relations of Cuba and the Philippines. To decide these issues we organize ourselves periodically into a great debating society, and we have self-restraint, for we abide by the decision of the majority and of our Supreme Court. We believe that education is not the prerogative of a class, nor religion of a church, nor government the government of the best men, but that all the world is for all men."

In the first place it is clear that, to the mass of citizens of the United States, democracy is a fervid, passionate ideal, a veritable religion. This is due to two causes in close proximity in time. The revolt by which independence was won, and the French revolution. "Liberty" is as rare a word on the lips of Englishmen as "civil liberty" on the lips of an American. The American nation did not grow, but was made. It is only just beginning to think seriously of civil liberty. Liberty has heretofore meant to it freedom from old-world despotism—a single achievement. Secondly, while that great people has been dwelling proudly and sometimes resentfully on its past, while it has been eagerly absorbed in developing the material resources of their vast country, the machinery of government has in the meantime been usurped. When they threw off the yoke they believed that the tyrant had been left behind across three thousand miles of sea, while in the homeland their kin have had the tyrant ever with them. Deep distrust of government is bred in the bone of the English people. The Americans have a naive and pathetic faith in it. They have forgotten that the tyrant need not wear a crown. The net result is the "Boss," the party machine, the transformation of Congress from the organ of the whole nation into a trust

of financial interests that will not compete. Hence the significant tendency everywhere observable towards enhancing the power of mayors and the rising demand for concentration of power in the hands of the President. In short, the Greek tyrant, in his best and worst forms, is on the scene.

I hope I have given some good reasons for my own belief that this experience does not await the English people; that, as I said before, they have silently passed the critical moment. Many Liberals deplore the degeneration of the British House of Commons. There is less, it is true, of the grand manner; there is less debate, and the ugly sign has appeared in the political heavens of Ministers holding company directorships, but the Commons still remains, what it has been made in no other country, a machine for selecting and displacing governments—the great bulwark of democratic political freedom, the instrument for the immediate carrying into effect of the public will. Majorities rise and fall daily, think on this, Canadians; representatives of the people still vote against their party or for their party in a higher sense. In a recent number of the *Spectator* the Cabinet Ministers are counselled to combat this independence in the House by a sort of extension lectures on the meaning of party-government. It is to be feared that they would require the aid of lantern-slides to draw an audience. The House is still sensitive as a barometer to bye-elections. The Government may, at any time, go out between dinner and daybreak. Here is something that deserves the serious attention of all thoughtful Canadians. There can be no doubt that political corruption in the United States has, in particular instances, surpassed anything the world has seen. When we read that in North Smithfield, Rhode Island, the "floating voters" were sold at auction *en bloc* near the town-hall steps, that in St. Louis "Col." Butler has been known, while standing by a polling booth, to call over the heads of the police, "Are there any more repeaters who wish to vote?" we feel

that the old stories of the auction of the Roman Empire from the Prætorian ramparts and the election of a horse to the consulship, have seen their best days. But when we read again that, some weeks ago, a State senator in Delaware rose in his place to defend the Addicks' system thus, "The voter's assistant system comes in and commends itself for fairness. It ensures delivery of the goods. When I buy a horse I want my horse. When a Republican buys a vote he wants his vote. I contend that there is no politics in the matter, for when a Republican or Democrat wants to buy a vote he has an opportunity of thus securing it, instead of being cheated out of it, as has been the case so many times in this State," we lift our hats to the Homeric directness of this utterance. But the methods of Tammany, of Quay, of Croker, of Butler, Addicks, Ames have, at least, this great merit: they cannot be mistaken or defended for piety or patriotism, and they are being at length more and more hotly attacked in good Anglo-Saxon style.

Now I am sure that not a few of you feel with me that for many years, in our country, the free expression of public opinion has been dying out. We are abandoning our birthright of civil and political liberty, and, indeed, our own Canadian tradition. What is the explanation of this public apathy, this political cowardice, I confess I do not see, unless it lies in the new-world type of democracy. The barnyard fowl that appears among its brethren with a daub of paint is promptly pecked to death. My own undergraduate body is as good a place in which to study the working of this Western type democracy as a barnyard. It seems to me that year by year the frank expression of individual opinion among undergraduates is more and more difficult. Their so-called public opinion is now often the mere physical spirit of the crowd, finding expression in parading mobs, the clamouring "gods," or the "rooting" of the grand stand, that ghastly substitute for the spontaneous British cheer. University politics also amus-

ingly illustrate the extinction of opinion by committee rule. Give a Western tyrant a committee and he will effect all that his Greek prototype did with a body-guard. It will be objected, perhaps, that the treatment of the English pro-Boers and of Kensit contrasts badly with the American tolerance of their anti-Imperialists and our own of Mr. Bourassa. But it is only fair to remember the philanthropic appeal of English ritualism in the great cities, and that the Kruger policy stood for actual oppression, as well as for national insult. Lord Beaconsfield's famous remark, that Liberalism tends towards cosmopolitanism, Conservatism towards Nationalism, goes very deep. The true English instinct stands for defence of others as well as self-defence. And there is little doubt that, with Gladstone in power to-day, the unspeakably horrible revelations by Dr. Dillon, in the April *Contemporary*, of Turkish devilry in Macedonia, would produce a political upheaval. But, whatever the sins of our kindred, we should take shame to ourselves for our public apathy and cowardice these many years. The wretched recrimination of party at this hour is not public opinion. True opinion begins when we attack abuses by which we do not and will not profit ourselves. Not honesty alone, but public courage and indomitable persistency are the safeguards of society. When a great party-organ, confessing that there is "a discreditable following" attached to both parties, protests that there can be no remedy for this until the best men in both parties unite to shake it off, what is this but to complain that liberty is too high and difficult a thing? The American revival of public courage is something that demands our attention. We have no divine exemption from the awful evils corroding the American commonwealth. At the present rate of growth a generation will establish among us Canadians the very conditions now present in the United States. The "Boss" will have arrived, our own parliaments will have become financial trusts, if we do not show the ancient

English temper that is our heritage. No deeper wounds are dealt to liberty on this continent than those inflicted by the methods of the great companies—and they are great in a very noble sense. But our legislators are the persons immediately responsible to the people, and the only remedy for public evil is the courageous public expression of opinion.

With a third feature in American conceptions of liberty, I am done. There is a more or less general ideal underlying American school training of a piece with their conception of democracy. The child must have an unfettered development. He must expand like a flower and put forth his leaves like a sapling—an ideal sapling, no twig of which is ever bent. He must never be coerced in any material way. Now, I believe we can feel the effect of this ideal in our own city. We have the English individualism without the discipline. Our pioneers, who brought with them instincts engrained by a thousand years of national discipline, have been gathered to their fathers. Many of us feel keenly that our boys are being endangered by this defect in training, and that trouble is coming. Partly this is due to the great predominance of women teachers in the primary schools. I hope I may say this with no mean suggestion of competition, and I pay them the compliment of not attempting to defend or explain. Partly it is due to the influence of American democracy. We lean on the law and the police, not the schoolmaster. Our whole attitude toward the police is un-English. We tyrannize over them in crowds and in the movement of public traffic, but we

allow the tables to be turned as individuals. Some seven or eight years ago a party of ladies and gentlemen in Parkdale were playing tennis on a private grounds, when a lad came up and began to use intolerable language. One of the men jumped over the fence and extinguished it by an *a posteriori* method. He was summoned to court and fined five dollars. Now there are cases in which, as Mr. Bumble observed, "the law is an ass." Who served the public better on this occasion, the individual or the magistrate? The boy would now be let off on suspended sentence. A great accession in discipline may be against the spirit of the time, but we make the time, and we shall do well to cry back to our national ideals of liberty.

And now this "good life" for which the State exists—what is it but liberty herself, the fruit of a perfected society, of man *in* the State? Our English kin are too apt to regard civic and political liberty as closed questions, to look askance upon tendencies which make men less content "with the sphere in which it has pleased Providence to place them." But we Westerners are urged on by a divine dissatisfaction towards a liberty which will some day be nothing less than the possibilities of man, his right to make the most of himself. More clearly than the poet in 1832, the English-speaking peoples of this continent hear

"A motion toiling in the gloom,
The spirit of the years to come,
Yearning to mix himself with life."

But we do not realize that the desperate problem of democracy is the creation and expression of opinion.

A HINT OF AUTUMN

BY JEAN BLEWETT

AMONG the vivid green I see
A yellow leaf,
And yonder in the basswood tree
An empty nest swings lonesomely;
The wheat's in sheaf.



THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON

PHOTO BY FAWCETT

THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON

By Waldon Fawcett



HE British Embassy is perhaps the most interesting diplomatic establishment at Washington, as it is, from a monetary standpoint, unquestionably the most valuable of the residential properties owned by foreign governments at the capital of the United States. The home of His Majesty's representative at the American seat of government is most advantageously situated at a central point in Connecticut Avenue, the great boulevard which bisects the fashionable quarter of Washington and constitutes at once its principal thoroughfare and favourite promenade. Measured by the standards of the financial

world it is a trifle difficult to estimate the exact value of the splendid property, comprising about thirty thousand square feet, over which waves the British flag. The tax assessors have estimated the holding—which is, of course, exempt from taxation—to be worth not less than \$183,000, but in reality its value is double that sum.

However, this bit of British soil at the capital of the largest of republics was not always so valuable, and in the selection of the site the representatives of the London foreign office showed remarkable foresight. The ground was purchased at an insignificant figure—not a tithe of what it is worth to-day—and the residential structure when



BRITISH EMBASSY—THE GRAND STAIRWAY

it was built, at a cost of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, at the time Sir Edward Thornton was British Minister at Washington, was set down in a barren waste. Gradually, however, the evolution wrought by time made of this little estate a very pivotal point for the accumulation of Washington's fashionable residences.

The British Embassy home is an immense commodious brick structure, which, with its substantial stable, out-buildings and garden, occupies nearly a square. Shade trees flank the building on all sides, and the English ivy forms a green mantle which in summer partially covers the walls. The house stands sufficiently far back from the street to give an air of seclusion to the place, the effect being heightened

by the massive iron fence which encloses the grounds. The front door is approached by an asphalt driveway and walks, while another walk leads to a wing-like brick structure jutting from the side of the mansion proper. This is entered through a doorway surmounted by the British coat-of-arms and the inscription "Chancery," and contains the official portion of the ambassadorial domain. However, only a few rooms are given over to the transaction of diplomatic business, the larger portion of the house constituting the envoy's private residence.

The British Embassy has been remodelled several times since it was built. In accordance with the custom of the British Government, architects were sent from England to plan and superintend the alterations, and in most instances the bulk of the constructive material necessary, even to door-knobs and hardware sundries, has been imported from the Mother Country. However, the most extensive transformation took place during the year 1902, in order to prepare the Embassy for habitation by the household of the present Ambassador, Sir Michael Herbert. The external appearance of the famous structure was subjected to but slight alteration, but the interior has but slight semblance to its former aspect.

Every one of the fifty odd rooms into which the ambassadorial residence is divided has been renovated or remodelled. During the incumbency of the late Lord Pauncefote as Ambassador, the great drawback of the Embassy was the lack of brightness in many of the rooms, due in part to the shade of the trees which surround the building. Under the new régime the trees have not been disturbed, but the general atmosphere of the mansion has been brightened by recourse to light wall-coverings and hangings, while the ceilings have been painted a cream colour that is in perfect harmony with the general decorative scheme.

The rearrangement of the house permits a complete separation of the official and residential functions of the Embassy. The chancellery, which, as has been explained, occupies a wing of the main structure, and the construction of which was begun during the régime of the late Lord Pauncefote, facilitates this. Prior to the erection of this addition visitors to the Embassy were compelled to go along the side of the house to a wing of the building located not far from the kitchen, where they transacted their business with one of the secretaries. The chancellery is now near the building line of the Embassy, and in consequence the distinguished visitor who enters through this portion of the structure feels no impairment of his dignity. The chancellery, it may be added, contains a reception room and three offices, the walls of the latter being well nigh covered with the volumes of a valuable reference library.

Friends who call socially upon Sir Michael or Lady Herbert drive to the front of the Embassy, passing under a



SIR MICHAEL HERBERT

British Ambassador at Washington

PHOTO BY CLINEDINST

porte cochère, surmounted by the British coat-of-arms, and over which on state occasions the British flag flies. Passing up a short flight of stone steps and through a massive doorway one enters the magnificent hall, which, from an architectural standpoint, is one of the gems of the Embassy. At the end of the spacious apartment is a wide staircase, down which looks a splendid portrait of the late Queen Victoria valued at \$50,000. The hall is without extensive ornamentation. The wainscoting is of marble, and the paper surmounting it is of a rich red tint. The stately staircase is of walnut, which has been enameled white.

Red is the predominating colour of



BRITISH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON—THE STUDY

the decorative scheme throughout the entire first floor. In the Ambassador's study, for instance, the wall paper is red, with figures of Greek design in crimson, the effect being rich and dignified. The study, which is to the right of the entrance hall, is directly opposite two large drawing-rooms. Over the massive marble mantels of these rooms are immense mirrors framed in gold. In the rear of the staircase previously mentioned is the dining-room, containing fully eight hundred square feet of floor space, and capable, therefore, of accommodating a dinner party of exceptional size. A particularly notable room is the ball-room on the first floor near the dining-room. This apartment is forty feet in length by twenty feet in width, and the whole ornamentation is in gold, the wall paper being embellished in Greek design. The predominant tone in the drawing-room suite is white, produced by enamel effects and daintily figured paper. The ceiling is cream, and this tone is carried through the

dining-room. The national colours of Great Britain have been used to a greater or less extent in the interior decorations throughout the building. On the upper floors of the residence softer tones have been made available, and pink is the predominating colour.

The generous expenditure for the recent alterations also embraced considerable outlays for modernizing the diplomatic residence in every possible way. An electric illuminating plant has been installed, and steam-heating plant, the latter being in duplicate, so that in case one equipment becomes inoperative the other may be immediately commissioned. Careful attention has even been bestowed upon the kitchen, where a range of unusual size has been provided, and upon the stable, where are housed the eight horses possessed by the Ambassador.

Much of the massive furniture of solid mahogany, and rather heavy design, to which the Pauncefote's were so partial, has been replaced by lighter and more modern housefurnishings,

and the superb collection of valuable Oriental rugs has been greatly augmented. Lady Herbert has also replaced with her own silver much of that which was formerly in use, but there still remains the famous state service, which belongs to the British Government and is more valuable than that at the White House.

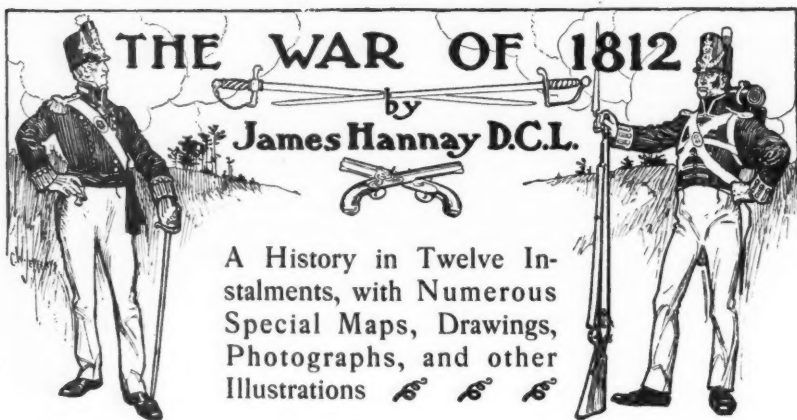
The silver service which the British Government has furnished for the use of its representative at Washington on the occasion of formal banquets is valued at fifty thousand dollars. The weight of the precious metal is upward of a thousand pounds, but its chief value lies in the exquisite workmanship which appears in full detail on even the smallest piece. The regal arms of the United Kingdom and beautifully traced flowers, birds and vines set off every article. The centrepiece is a masterpiece of the jeweler's art. It is on the order of a five-branched candelabrum with golden leaves shining among silver flowers and enameled birds. The china and glassware which accompany this silver service are valued at twenty-five thousand dollars. Another priceless treasure of the Embassy is found in the great portrait in oil of the late Queen Victoria, of which mention was made earlier in the article. It is a full-length picture, and not a portrait of the venerated Queen in her declining years, but of a beautiful girl of eighteen in her coronation robes. Almost all the British Embassies and Legations the world over have pictures of the Queen, but it has frequently been asserted that there are few, if any, portraits to compare with the one in Washington.

The British Embassy at Washington must inevitably possess exceptional interest for Canadian readers from the fact that through this diplomatic agency must be transacted practically all international business of deep import between the Dominion and the

United States government. This, of course, has some disadvantages, as when, for instance, the interests of Canada and of the Mother Country conflict at Washington; and the plan of establishing at the United States seat of government a Canadian Legation with a resident representative of the Dominion Government has several times been advocated, but has never passed beyond a tentative stage. There would, of course, be precedent for such procedure, for the Canadian Government has long had its own representative at Paris, through whom it deals with the French Government independently of the British Foreign Office or His Majesty's Embassy on the banks of the Seine.

In conclusion, a word should perhaps be said as to the very interesting personality of Sir Michael Herbert, the present British Ambassador at Washington. Mr. Herbert was stationed at Washington as Charge d'Affaires in 1888-89, and as Secretary of the British Legation there from 1892 to 1893, and during this time he formed the intimate personal acquaintance of Theodore Roosevelt—a circumstance that was partially instrumental in securing his assignment to the ambassadorial post at Washington when his old friend was suddenly elevated to the Presidency of the republic. Moreover, Sir Michael, by his marriage with Leila, daughter of Richard T. Wilson, of New York, became closely related to the Vanderbilts, the Ogden Goelets and the Astors, all wealthy families of the greatest social prominence both in the United States and abroad. Ambassador Herbert is fully maintaining in Washington the reputation which he has enjoyed throughout his entire diplomatic career as a most accomplished dinner-giver, and this ability to play the host is of distinct value in Washington, where dinners play a role in politics as well as in social life.





TENTH INSTALMENT—"THE HARD-FOUGHT FIELD OF LUNDY'S LANE"

WHEN Brown crossed the Niagara River to invade Canada, he issued a general order in which he instructed his troops that private property was in all cases to be held sacred, and that plundering was prohibited and would be punished with death. This order was wholly disregarded, and from the hour when Brown's army touched the soil of Canada, plundering, incendiarism and other crimes against the laws of civilized warfare, were of daily occurrence. The principal actors in these scenes of misery and distress were the volunteers from New York State, the brothers and relatives of the men who stood on their constitutional rights in the autumn of 1812, and saw their countrymen slaughtered and captured on Queenstown Heights, without trying to save them. On the 12th of July, Brigadier-General Swift with 120 of these volunteers, was sent out from Queenstown towards Fort George to reconnoitre. Advancing close to one of the outposts they came upon a corporal and five men, part of a patrolling party of 32 rank and file from the light company of the 8th, under Major Evans of that regiment. In the attempt to capture these men, a British private shot and mortally wounded General Swift. The British fell back on the rest of the

patrol, who had advanced instantly on hearing the fire, and although the volunteers attempted to surround them, the whole party escaped without loss. This affair was made the pretext for reprisals on the part of the volunteers, and as the peaceful inhabitants were less able to defend themselves than the military, the former had to bear the consequences of Yankee revenge for the fall of Swift.

A week after Swift's death, Colonel Stone of the New York Militia, wantonly burned the village of St. David's. For this Stone was dismissed from the service without a trial, but this act, which became the more conspicuous because it was done within three miles of General Brown's camp, was but a type of the conduct of the American volunteers and Militia at this time. Decent officers of the regular service of the United States looked upon the proceedings with great disfavour. Major M'Farland, of the 23rd U.S. Infantry, in a letter dated the 25th of July, writes thus of the St. David's affair, and the conduct of the Militia and Indians: "The Militia and Indians plundered and burnt everything. The whole population is against us; not a foraging party but is fired on, and not unfrequently returns with missing numbers. This state was to

be anticipated. The Indians were sent off some days since, as they were found useless except to plunder. The Militia have burned several private dwelling houses, and on the 19th inst. burnt the village of St. David's, consisting of about 30 or 40 houses. This was done within three miles of camp; and my battalion was sent to cover the retreat as they (the Militia) had been sent to scour the country of some Indians and Rangers, and it was presumed they might be pursued. My God! What a service. I have never witnessed such a scene, and had not the commanding officer of the party, Lieut.-Col.

Stone, been disgraced and sent out of the army, I should have handed in my sheep-skin." Here we have the testimony of a respectable American officer as to the disgraceful doings of his own countrymen, and the weight of his evidence is enhanced by the fact that Major M'Farland was killed at Lundy's Lane, while gallantly leading his regiment, on the afternoon of the same day that this very letter was written.

General Brown had been promised



THE MONUMENT AT LUNDY'S LANE

PHOTO BY ENGLISH

the co-operation of Chauncey's fleet on the Niagara frontier as early as the 10th of July, but it did not come. On the 13th he wrote to Chauncey in moving terms, begging him to hasten to his assistance. "All accounts agree," said he, "that the force of the enemy in Kingston is very light. Meet me on the lake shore, north of Fort George, with your fleet, and we will be able, I have no doubt, to settle a plan of operations that will break the power of the enemy in Upper Canada,

and that in the course of a short time. At all events, let me hear from you. I have looked for your fleet with the greatest anxiety, since the 10th. I do not doubt my ability to meet the enemy in the field, and march in any direction over his country, your fleet carrying for me the necessary supplies. We can threaten Forts George and Niagara, and carry Burlington Heights and York; and proceed direct to Kingston and carry that place. For God's sake let me see you. Sir James will not fight. Two of his vessels are now in the Niagara river. If you conclude to meet me at the head of the lake, and that immediately, have the goodness to bring the guns and troops that I have ordered from Sackett's harbour." General Brown was certainly very much to be pitied, for Chauncey, with the timidity of a hare, had the obstinacy of a mule, and an inflated idea of his own importance. There is something grotesque in his reply to Brown's appeal for aid:—"I shall," said he, "afford every assistance in my power to co-operate with the army whenever it can be done without losing sight of the great object for the attainment of which this fleet has been created—the capture or destruction of the enemy's fleet. But that I consider the primary object. We are intended to seek and fight the enemy's fleet, and I shall not be diverted from my efforts to effectuate it by any sinister attempt to render us subordinate to, or an appendage of, the army." This, no doubt, was a fine example of American independence, but it was rather hard on the general who had undertaken to invade Canada.

On the 14th, the day after he wrote to Chauncey, General Brown called a council of his officers. He had heard of Riall's movement to Fifteen Mile Creek, but not of his having been reinforced, and he now put the question to them whether Riall should be attacked or Fort George invested. Brown stated the force under General Riall at 2,050 men, which was almost the exact number, and his own force at 2,700 Regulars and 1,000 volun-

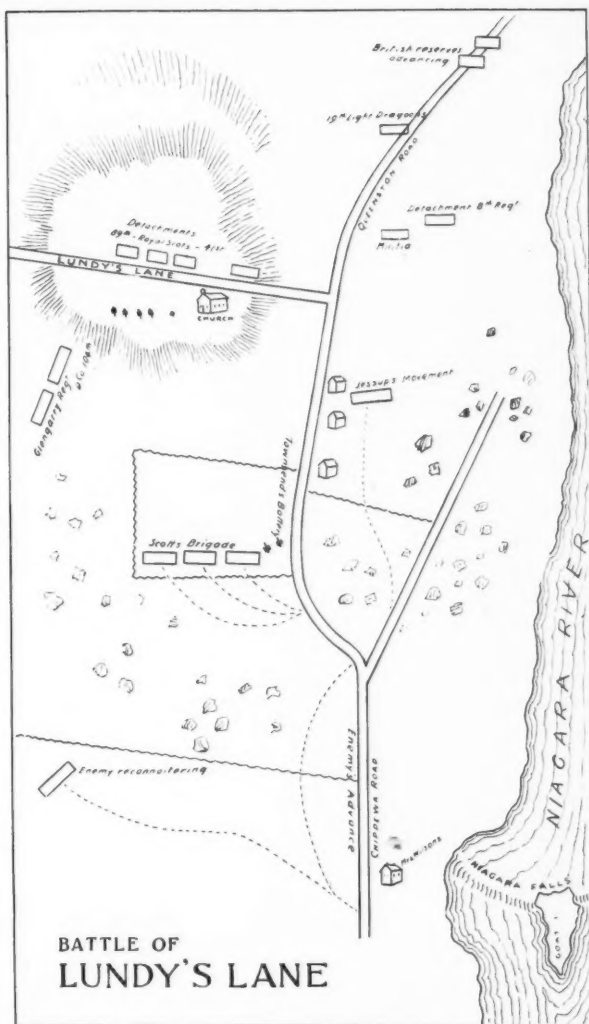
teers, Militia and Indians. Generals Ripley and Porter, and the engineer officers, M'Ree and Wood, advised an immediate attack on Riall, while General Scott and Adjutant-General Gardner advised the investment of Fort George. The latter advice coincided with Brown's own views, and he resolved to adopt it. On the following day Generals Ripley and Porter, with their brigades, were ordered to reconnoitre Fort George, and on the 20th Brown moved forward the remainder of his army from Queenstown towards that fort. On the following day he learned for the first time that Riall had been reinforced, and retired to Queens-town, which he re-occupied on the 22nd. Brown in all his movements at this time showed a great deal of timidity. On the 23rd he received a letter from General Gaines, who was at Sackett's Harbor, informing him that Chauncey was sick and the American fleet in port, so that no co-operation was to be expected in that quarter. Brown at once ordered a retreat upon Chippewa. He states in his official dispatch that his determination was to disencumber himself of baggage and march directly to Burlington Heights, and that his retirement to Chippewa was to mask this intention and draw from Schlosser a small supply of provisions. On the night of the 24th, General Brown with the bulk of his army encamped on the south bank of the Chippewa; the same night General Riall's advance under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Pearson was pressing on through the darkness towards the Niagara River, and at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 25th stood on the memorable battlefield which that day was to be consecrated by their valour, Lundy's Lane.

The British advance was composed of the Glengarry Regt., 350 strong, under Lieut.-Col. Battersby, 40 men of the 104th, under Lieut.-Col. Drummond, the incorporated Militia, 300 in number, under Lieut.-Col. Robinson, about 200 sedentary Militia of the County of Lincoln, under Lieut.-Colonel Parry of the 103rd, Major Lisle's

troop of the 19th dragoons, and a detachment of Artillery, with two 24 - pounders and a howitzer, and three six - pounders, in all about 980 rank and file. The main body of Riall's army, under Colonel Scott, which he had ordered to follow the advance at three o'clock on the morning of the 25th, was composed of the 103rd Regt., about 500 strong, the remaining men of the two flank companies of the 104th, 50 men of the Royal Scots, 330 of the 8th and 300 sedentary Militia, or about 1,270 rank and file. Had these troops marched at the hour ordered, they would have joined the advanced detachment during the forenoon, and the battle of Lundy's Lane would probably never have been fought. But although under arms at that hour, the order for their march was countermanded, and they did not

move until past mid-day, and did not arrive on the field of battle until after nine at night. In the meantime, great deeds had been done on that famous field which overlooks the world's greatest cataract.

General Brown in his camp at Chippewa was wholly unaware of the presence of the British advance at Lundy's



Lundy's Lane battlefield is not far from Niagara Falls. The Lane runs from the Queenston Road westward over a slight elevation. This hill was the centre of the battle where 4,600 United States troops attempted in vain to stop the advance of 3,000 British and Canadians.

Lane, only three miles distant, but about noon a courier arrived from Colonel Swift, who commanded a party of New York volunteers at Lewiston, advising him that the British were in considerable force at Queenstown and on the Heights above it, that four of the British fleet had arrived on the preceding night, and were then lying

near Fort Niagara, and that a number of boats were in view moving up the river. Within a few minutes after this intelligence had been received, he was further informed by Capt. Denman, of the Quarter-Master's department, that the British were landing at Lewiston, and that his baggage and stores at Schlosser were in danger of immediate capture. This alarming news led Brown to believe that a raid on the American frontier was contemplated, and he conceived that the best way to divert the British from that object was to re-occupy Queenstown. General Scott was accordingly directed to advance with his brigade and perform that duty, and he left the American camp, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, in profound ignorance of the fact that the advance of Riall's army was but three miles away.

The cause of the sudden appearance of a British force at Lewiston, which had so much alarmed and astonished General Brown, must now be related. General Drummond was at Kingston when the news of the battle of Chippewa arrived there, and he instantly marched to York with the available force of the 2nd battalion of the 89th Regt., about 400 rank and file, leaving orders for De Watteville's Regt. to follow. On the evening of the 24th he embarked at York with his reinforcement, on board four vessels of Sir James Yeo's fleet, and arrived at Fort Niagara at daylight on the 25th. There he learned from Lieut.-Colonel Tucker that General Riall was believed to be moving towards the Falls of Niagara, to support the advance of his division, which he had pushed on to that place the preceding evening. In consequence of this intelligence General Drummond ordered Lieut.-Colonel Morrison, the distinguished officer who won the battle of Chrystler's Farm, to advance to the Falls with the 89th and detachments of the Royal Scots and 8th, drawn from Forts George and Mississauga,* and unite with Riall. At the same

time he ordered Lieut.-Colonel Tucker to proceed up the right bank of the Niagara River with 300 of the 41st and about 200 of the Royal Scots, with a body of Indians, supported on the river by a party of seaman under Capt. Dobbs, of the *Charwell*. The object of this movement was to disperse or capture the party of volunteers and some other troops, under Colonel Swift, which were encamped at Lewiston. Some unavoidable delay which occurred in the march of Lieut.-Colonel Tucker's troops gave Swift and his 200 volunteers an opportunity of escaping to Schlosser, from which place they crossed over and joined Brown at Chippewa. The British captured about 900 tents at Lewiston, and a quantity of baggage and provisions belonging to Brown's army, after which they crossed over to Queenstown and joined Morrison's command. Here General Drummond refreshed his troops, and having sent back the 41st, except the light company, and the 100th Regt., to garrison the three forts at the mouth of the river, hastened forward with the 89th Regt., the detachments of the Royal Scots and 8th Regt., and the light company of the 41st, in all less than 850 men, to join General Riall's division at the Falls.

While General Drummond was thus advancing from the north to Niagara, General Scott was moving towards the same point from the south. This officer had with him his own brigade, consisting of the 9th, 11th, 22nd and 25th Regts. of infantry, a troop of regular cavalry, under Capt. Harris, 100 New York volunteer cavalry, under Capt. Pentland, and Towson's Artillery with two field pieces. American authorities place this force at "full 1,200," but Scott had with him at least 1,450 rank and file. His four regiments, which numbered 1,300 men, had lost 250 at Chippewa, 20 days before, but one of them, the 22nd, had been reinforced by 100 men that very day, which would give him an infantry force of at least 1,150, even in the improbable event of none of the other regiments having been re-

* Kirby spells this Mississaugua in his "Annals of Niagara."

inforced, or of none of the slightly wounded having returned to the ranks.

At the house of Mrs. Wilson, opposite the Falls, Scott for the first time learned that the British occupied the ground about Lundy's Lane. Scott at once despatched a mounted aide to General Brown for reinforcements, and pushed forward towards the British front. Brown immediately ordered General Ripley with his brigade and all the artillery to hasten to the support of Scott, and left for the scene of action after giving directions for Porter to follow as speedily as possible with his brigade of volunteers. Scott advanced to Lundy's Lane, under the belief that the British force in front of him must be weak, and he was confirmed in this view when he saw that it had retired from its position. General Riall, who was with the British advance, did not deem it prudent to await an attack with so few troops, for he rightly conjectured that the whole American army was advancing against him, so he very prudently ordered a retreat, a step which would certainly not have been necessary had his main body marched from Twelve Mile Creek at the hour originally designed. Riall directed Colonel Pearson with his advance to retire to Queenstown, and sent similar orders to Colonel Scott, who with the main body of the army was now advancing from Twelve Mile Creek.

When General Drummond reached the vicinity of Lundy's Lane with his detachment he met Colonel Pearson's command in full retreat, and was amazed to learn that the main body of Riall's army, so far from having arrived, had been ordered to retire to Queenstown. He found Riall's position almost in the occupation of the enemy, whose columns were within six hundred yards of the hill, while the surrounding woods were filled with his light troops. Drummond instantly countermanded the orders which had been given for a retreat, and formed his line of battle. At a distance of about half a mile from the Niagara River the road from Chippewa to

Queenstown runs in a northerly direction. From this road, and at right angles with it, runs Lundy's Lane going to the westward. The lane passes over an eminence of no great elevation which slopes towards the south. On this hill, to the south of the lane, Drummond placed his guns, two 24-pounders, two 6-pounders and one 5½ inch howitzer. Behind these guns, which formed the centre of his position, and in the rear of the hill, he placed the 89th Regt., the Royal Scots detachment and the light company of the 41st Regt., their left resting on the Queenstown road. On the left of this road the battalion of incorporated Militia and the detachment of the 8th Regt. were placed, the squadron of the 19th Light Dragoons being in the rear on the road. Drummond's right, which formed an obtuse angle with the centre, consisted of the Glengarry Regt. and the half company of the 104th, and was placed in the woods a little advanced, so as to flank any attack from that quarter. Drummond's entire force present in the field, including artillery and cavalry, was less than eighteen hundred rank and file.

The sudden retirement of the British from their position at Lundy's Lane, and their equally sudden reoccupation of it, committed General Scott to an attack which a more prudent commander would have avoided. As he rushed impetuously up the hill he discovered that instead of being deserted it was strongly held by Drummond's little army. Scott's attack was commenced about half-past six o'clock, and was made mainly against the British left on the Queenstown Road. The east and west sides of this road were held respectively by the battalion of the incorporated Militia, and the 89th Regt., and against them Scott placed three of his regiments. His other regiment, the 25th, under Major Jessop, has been sent through the bushes on the extreme British left, so that they might be threatened with a flank attack in that quarter, while Scott was attacking them on the Queenstown road. The smallness of

Drummond's force made it impossible for him to occupy the whole line between Lundy's Lane and the river, and Jessop was thus able, without any serious contest, to establish himself in the space between the extreme left of the British and the river, but at this stage of the battle he attempted nothing more. But on the Queenstown Road the contest was fierce, the 89th and the Militia battalion resisted every effort of the enemy, and Scott's Brigade was driven back with heavy loss. His whole force would have been destroyed had it been possible to advance the British wing against his flank, but the near approach of the enemy's reinforcements rendered such a movement hazardous, and it was not attempted.

Scott had been engaged, according to General Brown's report, "not less than an hour," when he was reinforced by the brigades of Ripley and Porter, and the whole of the artillery. Ripley's four regiments of infantry had sustained hardly any loss at the battle of Chippewa, and now numbered about 1,280 rank and file. They had been joined that very day by the 1st Regt., 250 strong, and were accompanied by Hindman's Corps of Artillery. Ripley's brigade, therefore, numbered 1,630 rank and file. Porter's brigade consisted originally of 600 New York Volunteers and 500 Pennsylvania troops. The mounted men of the New York contingent, 100 in number, had accompanied Scott, but Porter had been joined by 200 additional New York Volunteers under Colonel Swift, and he had under his command 150 Canadian, or traitor volunteers, under the infamous Wilcox. Porter's infantry, therefore, numbered 1,350, and the reserve artillery about 200. The entire strength of the reinforcements under Ripley and Porter, which joined Scott within an hour after the commencement of the battle of Lundy's Lane, would, therefore, be 3,200 men, which, with Scott's original force of 1,450, would make upwards of 4,600 which the Americans brought into the field that day. During the two hours which followed the arrival of Ripley

and Porter on the field, the British had to contend against an almost three-fold superiority of force, for no reinforcements reached General Drummond until after 9 o'clock.

It was now after sunset and was rapidly growing dark. As General Scott's brigade had suffered severely, Brown withdrew the three regiments of it, which were making a direct attack on each side of the Queenstown Road, and replaced them with the fresh troops of Ripley's brigade. At the same time Porter's brigade of volunteers were advanced on the left to attack the British right. The accession of these fresh combatants naturally put a severe strain upon the British, and the determined attack that was made on the centre of their position weakened their left wing.

This enabled Jessop with his 25th Regt. to force back the troops on the British left, and for a short time obtain possession of the Queenstown Road, during which period General Riall, who had been severely wounded, and was passing to the rear to have his wounds dressed, accidentally rode in amongst a party of the enemy in the darkness, and was taken prisoner with his aide, Capt. Loring. This was the only advantage the momentary occupation of the road gave the enemy, for the Militia battalion and the detachment of the 8th, which had been forced back, formed in the rear of the 89th fronting the road, and so secured the flank. In a few minutes the advanced position of the American right became untenable, and they were driven off the road and back to their own line, with the loss of about one-third of their force.

The British guns, which were in front of the centre of their position, were causing great havoc among the enemy, and General Brown saw readily enough that unless they could be silenced the battle was lost, notwithstanding his great superiority of force. The guns were defended by the light company of the 41st, and 320 men of the Royal Scots, both of which had already suffered severe losses. Gen-



THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE

The enemy's attack began at 6, 30 in the evening. After about an hour, more United States troops arrived and later the British guns were captured. About 9 o'clock the British were reinforced and the guns recaptured. At midnight the United States troops retired leaving their dead and wounded behind them. The British lost 84 killed and over 300 wounded. The enemy left 210 dead on the field, showing he had fought tenaciously.—From an engraving.

eral Brown now ordered Colonel James Miller, of the 21st, to take his regiment and attack, and if possible, capture the British guns on the heights. Detachments of the 17th and 19th U.S. Infantry were assigned to him to aid in the movement, and the first Regt. of U.S. Infantry, under Col. Nicholas, was ordered to advance on the left and make a feigned attack, in order to withdraw the attention of the British from the real object of the movement. The 23rd Regt. of U.S. Infantry was also ordered to support Miller. It will thus be seen that the attack on the British guns, instead of being made by but one regiment, as American writers almost unanimously assert, was made by about 700 men belonging to three separate regiments, and was supported by 700 more, comprising the effective force of two other regiments. The 1st Regt. was now thrown against the right of the British centre, but was received with such a deadly volley by the troops there, and charged so fiercely with the bayonet, that it broke and fled, and was rallied with great difficulty. This repulse, however discreditable to the regiment, served Miller's purpose very well, for it enabled him to creep up in the darkness to within a few feet of the British guns without being discovered. A volley of musketry stretched the gunners on the ground either dead or wounded, and before the British infantry supports could advance all Drummond's artillery was in the hands of the enemy. The 23rd Regt. was now brought up to the support of Miller, and the 1st Regt., which had been rallied, was placed on his left. The British infantry in the centre, now greatly reduced in numbers, made two or three spirited charges to recover the cannon, but the Americans were too strong to be dislodged at that time.

It was now after nine o'clock and very dark, but the reinforcements under Colonel Scott were rapidly approaching. These numbered, as already stated, about 1,270 rank and file, and comprised the 103rd Regt., about 300 sedentary Militia; detach-

ments of the Royal Scots and 104th Regt., the remainder of the 8th Regt., and a few artillerymen with two six-pounders. Unfortunately, owing to the extreme darkness of the night, the 103rd Regt. and the sedentary Militia, under Colonel Hamilton, with the two field-pieces, passed, by mistake, into the centre of the American army, now posted on the hill, and after sustaining a very heavy and destructive fire, fell back in confusion. These troops were rallied by the active exertions of their officers and placed in the second line, as were all the others of Scott's reinforcement, except the company of Royal Scots and the flank companies of the 104th, with which General Drummond prolonged his front line to the right, so as to guard against the danger of being outflanked in that quarter. A determined effort was now made to recover the guns which the enemy had taken, and it was finally successful. The Americans were driven back and the cannon regained, with the exception of one six-pounder, which the Americans had put, by mistake, on one of their own limbers, leaving their gun, which they had thus exchanged for it, on a British limber. The British captured this American six-pounder and also a 5½ inch howitzer, which the American artillerymen had brought up, and so gained one gun.

The battle raged for nearly three hours after the arrival of Colonel Scott's reinforcements, and consisted mainly of vigorous but unsuccessful efforts on the part of the Americans to regain possession of the hill and of the British cannon. All these attempts were defeated by the determined bravery of the infantry who guarded the guns. Finally, about midnight, the Americans gave up the contest and retreated with great precipitation to their camp at Chippewa, leaving all their dead and badly wounded behind, and the victorious British in possession of the hard-fought field of Lundy's Lane.

General Drummond, in his excellent and detailed account of the battle,

dwells with particular emphasis on the conduct of the Canadian Militia. He says: "The zeal, loyalty and bravery with which the Militia of this part of the Province has come forward to co-operate with His Majesty's troops in the expulsion of the enemy, and their conspicuous gallantry in this, and in the action of the 5th inst., claim my warmest thanks." He refers in another place to "the very creditable and excellent defence made by the incorporated Militia battalion, under Lieut.-Colonel Robinson," and certainly the character of its efforts is well attested to by its losses, which amounted to 142 out of about 300 men in the field. The sedentary Militia suffered less severely, but General Drummond describes how they, with the other troops in the centre, "repeatedly, when hard pressed, formed round the colours of the 89th Regt. and invariably repulsed the desperate efforts made against them."

The British losses in the battle of Lundy's Lane amounted to 84 killed, 559 wounded, 193 missing, and 42 taken prisoners, a total of 878. Among the killed were five officers, and 39 officers were wounded, including both generals. The Militia lost heavily in officers, 16 of them being either killed or wounded. The losses of the Americans, according to their official returns, were 171 killed, 572 wounded and 110 missing, a total of 854. This return, however, is incomplete, for it makes no mention of the losses of the 17th and 19th Regts., both of which were in the battle and closely engaged. If they suffered in the same proportion as the two other regiments of Ripley's brigade, we would have to add 183 to the American total of losses to make it complete, which would bring it up to 1,047, and this may be near the truth. At all events, 210 American dead, besides a great many wounded, were found on the field of battle next morning, and between Lundy's Lane and Chippewa were a number of fresh graves in which the bodies had been so slightly covered that the arms and legs were

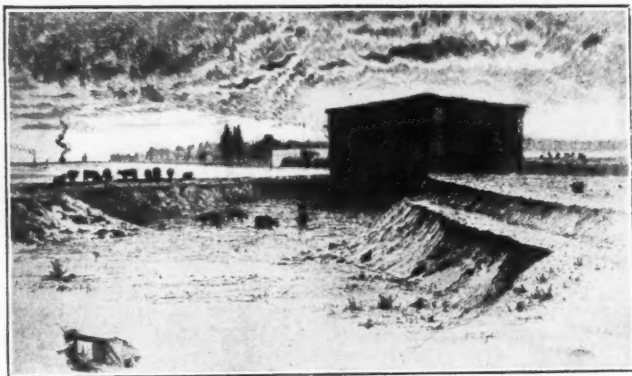
in many instances exposed to view.

The battle of Lundy's Lane has been claimed as a United States victory, and this claim appears to have been founded on General Brown's official report. Bonaparte remarked of Marmont's account of the battle of Salamanca that it contained "more complicated stuffing than a clock." Brown's report of the battle of Lundy's Lane belongs to the same order of composition, in which the narrator, by vigorous misrepresentation, endeavours to make up for his own lack of success in the field. Brown says:—"While retiring from the field, I saw and felt that the victory was complete on our part, if proper measures were promptly adopted to secure it. The exhaustion of the men was, however, such as made some refreshment necessary. They particularly required water. I myself was extremely sensible of the want of this necessary article. I therefore believed it proper that General Ripley and the troops should return to camp, after bringing off the dead, the wounded and the artillery; and in this I saw no difficulty, as the enemy had entirely ceased to act." General Brown, who was wounded, left the field after giving these orders to Ripley, and when that General returned to camp with his army, he says: "I now sent for him, and, after giving him my reasons for the course I was about to adopt, ordered him to put the troops in the best possible condition; to give them the necessary refreshment; to take with him the pickets and camp guards, and every other description of force, to put himself on the field of battle as the day dawned, and there to meet and beat the enemy if he again appeared. To this order he made no objection, and I relied on its execution. It was not executed."

Unless Brown was in this report deliberately stating what he knew to be false, for the purpose of deceiving his own countrymen, he did not know anything about the battle of Lundy's Lane, in which he professed to command. He was not aware that the reason the British ceased to act was because they had secured their guns

and position, and were content to hold them until the wearied troops had a little rest. The Americans had only marched between two and three miles before the battle, but Drummond's men had marched 14 miles, and the reinforcements under Colonel Scott much farther, having been nine hours on the march, and eighteen under arms when they arrived on the field of battle. Had he inquired more particularly of Ripley he would have learned from that officer that, instead of obeying the orders which Brown says he gave him, he had left all of his dead

General Ripley, strange to say, was no more obedient to Brown's order to return to the field and beat the enemy, than he had been to that which required him to bring away his guns and the wounded and dead. On the morning after the battle he destroyed the Chippewa bridge and his works there, threw a large part of his stores, provisions and camp equipage, with a number of tents, into the Niagara river, set fire to Street's Mills and fled with his army to Fort Erie. Indeed, so convinced was Ripley of the impossibility of maintaining himself in Ca-



FORT MISSISSAUGUA

This Fort was situated at the mouth of the Niagara River, opposite Fort Niagara (U.S.), which can be seen in the distance. Part of this fort is still standing.—From Sangster's "Niagara River and Falls," Vol. II.

and most of his wounded on the field, and so far from bringing away the British guns he had left two of his own in the possession of Drummond's army. General Brown, in his despatch, grows quite pathetic over the death of his aide, Captain Spencer; "I shall ever think," says he, "of this young man with pride and regret;" yet he forgets to inform the Secretary of War that this "young man" was left wounded on the field of battle to become a prisoner to the British; and the fact that Spencer did not die until the fifth of August, eleven days after the battle, shows that Brown's report was "cooked" up after that date, to suit the palates of his countrymen.

nada, that he refused to remain even in Fort Erie without a specific written order from Brown, and the sequel of the campaign shows that Ripley's judgment was sound. If the Americans had retreated at once to their own shore it would have been no more than a manly admission of defeat, and the world would have been spared the pitiful spectacle of a "victorious" American army, cooped up for weeks after the battle of Lundy's Lane within the walls of a fortress by a weaker force of British regulars, which they were wholly unable to meet in the field.

The Americans, while claiming a victory at Lundy's Lane, have endeavoured to lessen the disgrace of their

defeat by making their own numbers smaller and those of the British larger than the real figures. Brown makes no mention of the numbers on either side, but Lossing says that the British had about 4,500, and the Americans a little less than 2,600. The detailed statements that have already been given render it unnecessary to make any other comment on these figures farther than that they are absolutely false. The Americans brought upwards of 4,600 men into the field, while the British force up to nine o'clock did not exceed eighteen hundred. The total British force brought into the field, first and last, was about 3,000. Lundy's Lane was therefore not only a British victory, but it was a victory won against greatly superior numbers. It was a triumph of which every Canadian has reason to feel proud, for on that memorable day his fathers stood side by side with the bravest of British veterans, and suffered nothing in reputation by the association. The four British regiments which have "Niagara" inscribed on their flags possess no more honourable decoration, although among them is the Royal Scots, who have fought on almost every British field from Blenheim to the present day. That grand old regiment, the first of the British line, fought 500 strong at Chippewa, and there lost 228 men. It stood 370 strong at Lundy's Lane, and there lost 173 of its number. Such were the British regiments that fought at Lundy's Lane, and it is glory enough to say that the Canadian Militia who fought on that field were worthy to stand beside them.

The defeated American army, after its flight from Lundy's Lane, reached Fort Erie on the 27th of July, and sought shelter behind its defences. During the interval of 24 days since its capture by General Brown, the place had been greatly strengthened, and was now capable of sheltering a considerable army. As soon as Ripley got his men into camp he set them all to work industriously digging, and by the 3rd of August, when General Drummond

reached Fort Erie, the new defensive works of the place were for the most part complete. Thus General Brown's army of invasion, which he had been for months preparing for an attack on Canada, the same army with which he said in his letter to Chauncey he would be able to march in any direction over this country, was, after a campaign of four weeks, reduced to so miserable a condition that it did not dare to meet the British in the field, but was forced to seek shelter behind the walls of a fort.

General Drummond's advance had been delayed by the rebuilding of the bridge over the Chippewa for the passage of his troops and cannon. He had sent home the whole of his sedentary Militia, whose harvest operations now demanded their attention, and had been joined by De Watteville's Regt. from Kingston and the 41st Regt. from St. George, which was now garrisoned by all that was left of the 89th Regt., except the light company which remained with the army. General Drummond's force, at the time of his arrival in front of Fort Erie, including the embodied Militia, numbered less than 3,200 rank and file. The American forces in Fort Erie, if we assume their own statement of their losses at Lundy's Lane to have been correct, must have numbered almost 3,800 men, but, after making a liberal allowance for error in the American official returns due to the demoralized state of their regiments after the battle, it is clear that the American army which General Ripley took into the fort could not have been less than 3,500 men. These troops were encamped on a plateau of about 15 acres on the shores of the lake, which the new defences of Fort Erie enclosed, and besides these formidable works, they were protected by the three armed schooners *Porcupine*, *Somers* and *Ohio*, which were anchored in front of the fort.

The American batteries at Black Rock, distant only a mile and a half from Fort Erie, were a powerful aid to the defence of the fort with their

flanking fire. Drummond resolved to attempt their capture, and early on the morning of the 3rd of August sent Lieut.-Col. Tucker with six companies of the 41st, the light company of the 89th, and the two flank companies of the 104th Regt., the whole force numbering less than 500 men, to effect that object. This detachment was landed about half a mile below Shogquady Creek, but unfortunately the Americans had been informed by deserters of the attempt that was to be made. When the British reached the creek they found the bridge over it removed, and Major Morgan with 250 riflemen and a body of Volunteers and Militia on the opposite bank, covered by a breast-work of logs. The British were met by a heavy fire, and the attempt had to be abandoned, after they had suffered a loss of 25 in killed and wounded. The Americans were so well protected that they had only two killed and eight wounded.

On the 5th Brigadier-General Gaines arrived at Fort Erie and took command of the army there, Ripley again resuming command of his brigade. On the following day Morgan with his riflemen, who had been brought over to the Canadian side of the river, was sent through the woods, between the British lines and the Fort, with orders to so manoeuvre as to draw them out of their position to a strong line of American troops posted on the plain below the fort. This little stratagem did not succeed; the British refused to be drawn, and Morgan had to retire after losing nine of his men in a skirmish with the British light troops.

As the presence of the three American armed schooners, which lay on the lake in front of Fort Erie, was a serious impediment to any attack upon that place, Capt. Dobbs of the brig *Charwell*, of Sir James Yeo's fleet, went up from Fort George with a party of seamen and marines for the purpose of attempting their capture. The *Charwell's* seamen carried the Captain's gig on their shoulders from Queenstown to Frenchman's Creek, a distance of eighteen miles, but the

British had not even a boat on Lake Erie, and it was necessary to carry the gig and five batteaux from Frenchman's Creek to the lake, at a point several miles to the westward of the fort, a distance of eight miles through the woods. This arduous task was accomplished by the militia under Lieut.-Colonel Nichol, Quartermaster-General of that force, and on the evening of the 11th of August the boats were launched into the lake. Capt. Dobbs, with Lieut. Radcliffe of the *Netley*, with 75 seamen and marines, at once embarked in them, Capt. Dobbs leading one division, consisting of his gig and two of the batteaux, and Lieut. Radcliffe the other, comprising the other three batteaux. Between eleven and twelve o'clock at night the boats were discovered a short distance ahead of the *Somers* and hailed. They answered "provision boats," which deceived the officer on deck, as boats with supplies had been in the habit of passing. Before he discovered his mistake the boats drifted across his hawser, cut his cables, and ran him aboard with a volley of musketry, which wounded two of his men, and before the others could get on deck the schooner was captured. In another moment the boats were alongside of the *Ohio*, which was also taken after a more severe struggle, in which Lieut. Radcliffe and one seaman were killed and six seamen and marines wounded. The *Ohio* lost one seaman killed and six wounded, including her commander Lieut. Conkling and Sailing Master M'Cally. The British boats had drifted past the third schooner, the *Porcupine*, before the *Somers* and *Ohio* were secured, and she was not attacked, but neither she nor the shore batteries made any attempt to molest the British as they passed. The two captured schooners were carried into Frenchman's Creek. This affair was one of the boldest enterprises of the war. The *Somers* had a crew of thirty men, and carried a long 24-pounder and a short 32-pounder; the complement and armament of the *Ohio* were similar.

On the day after this gallant capture, Gen. Drummond opened his batteries against Fort Erie. They consisted of one long iron and two short brass 24-pounders, a long 18-pounder, a 25-pound carronade and a 10-inch mortar. These batteries were stationed about 600 yards from the enemy's nearest works, but after a cannonade which lasted two days, very little impression seems to have been made on the American defences, and their losses did not exceed fifty killed and wounded. As the fort was in no sense invested, and could not be so long as the Americans held command of the lake, General Drummond determined to attempt its capture by direct assault.

Fort Erie, when it was taken from the British, was a small work standing about 100 yards from the lake, with two demi-bastions, a ravelin and two block-houses. The Americans erected a strong redoubt between the demi-bastions, and outside of them two large bastions. On the extreme right of their encampment, and close to the lake shore, they built a strong stone-work and connected it with the old fort by continuous earthworks seven feet in height, with a ditch and abattis in front. This stone-work, which was named the Douglass battery, mounted an 18 and a 6-pounder, *en barbette*. On the old fort itself a 24, an 18 and a 12-pounder were mounted. From the left or south side of the old fort, and in a line nearly parallel to the lake shore, strong parapet breastworks were built for a distance of 900 yards, with two ditches and abattis in front. At the southwestern extremity of this line of works, on a natural mound of sand called Snake Hill, a battery 25 feet high was erected and five guns mounted upon it. This was called Towson's Redoubt. Between it and the old fort were two other batteries, each mounting two guns. From Towson's Redoubt to the lake shore was a line of abattis, thus completing the enclosure, which was about 15 acres in extent. As the garrison of Fort Erie had been reinforced by Morgan's

riflemen, as well as by a considerable force from Lake Ontario, it must have numbered at least 4,000 men at this time. It certainly showed no small amount of daring to assault a fort with such excellent defences, and so strong a garrison as Fort Erie then possessed. Whether such a measure was altogether prudent, in view of the result, may perhaps be doubted.

General Drummond arranged his assaulting force into three columns; the largest, under Colonel Fischer, consisted of the 8th and De Watteville's Regt., with the light companies of the 89th and 100th regiments and a detachment of artillery, the whole numbering about 1,300 rank and file. The duty of this right column was to attack the enemy's redoubt at Snake Hill and carry the works in its vicinity. The centre column, under Lieut.-Colonel Drummond of the 104th, consisted of the flank companies of that regiment and of the 41st, with a party of seamen and marines, the whole numbering about 200 rank and file. This column was to attack the old fort directly. The left column, under Lieutenant-Colonel Scott of the 103rd Regt., was composed of that regiment, 500 strong, and the flank companies of the Royal Scots, making altogether 650 rank and file. Its duty was to attack the enemy's right at the Douglass battery.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 15th of August, the British right column advanced to attack Towson's battery on Snake Hill. The troops moved in two columns, the advance consisting of the flank companies of De Watteville's and the 8th, and the light companies of the 89th and 100th, led by Major Evans of the 8th, and the main body composed of the remainder of De Watteville's and the 8th Regt. under the command of Lieut.-Col. Fischer in person. Capt. Powell, of the Glengarry Regt., conducted the column, Sergeant Powell, of the 19th Dragoons, who was familiar with the ground, acting as guide. To prevent any musket from giving the alarm to the enemy, the men had been deprived of their flints, a very

unwise arrangement as it turned out, for the garrison were on the alert, and the men were thus in a manner disarmed, while exposed to a deadly fire. As they advanced impetuously to the attack, they were received with deadly discharges of grape from the guns of Towson's battery, and from the musketry of the enemy's infantry. Yet so sudden and daring was their onset that they almost surrounded the enemy's picket outside the fort, and pursued them so closely that Major Villatte, of De Watteville's Regt., Capt. Powell and Lieutenant Young, of the 8th, with about fifty men of the light companies of these two regiments, entered the abattis with the flying enemy, and got in the rear of Towson's redoubt. Here an entirely unexpected obstacle presented itself, which precluded any hope of success; the scaling ladders were too short to ascend the redoubt, being but 16 feet in length, while the fortress to be scaled was 25 feet high. This checked any further attempt in that quarter, but on the right, in the face of a deadly fire to which the soldiers could not reply, the remainder of the attacking column attempted to scale the abattis between the redoubt and the water. After five charges, which were most gallantly persevered in, they were forced to retire, the abattis being found to be impenetrable. At the same time a part of De Watteville's and the 8th Regt. marching too near the lake, in the darkness, became entangled between the rocks and the water, and being exposed to a very heavy fire, many lives were lost. The right attack had finally to be abandoned, after the column had suffered a loss of 213 in killed, wounded and missing, of which two-thirds fell in De Watteville's Regt.

The attack of the left and centre columns did not take place until the contest with the right column had commenced. Both columns advanced at the same moment, the left column moving along the margin of the water, while the centre column proceeded directly against the old fort, the fire of which was immediately directed against

it from its salient bastion. At the same time the guns on the Douglass battery opened on the left column with great vigour, assisted by the musketry of the New York and Pennsylvania Volunteers. The left column was checked by this destructive fusillade, at a distance of about 50 yards from the abattis, but again advanced with redoubled fury. Before they could plant their scaling ladders, however, a discharge of grape from the Douglass battery swept away almost one-third of the column, killing, among others, its gallant leader, Colonel Scott. The attempt on the left was then abandoned.

In the meantime Lieut.-Col. Drummond, of the 104th, despite the tremendous fire with which he was assailed, had persevered in his attack on the fort. Three times his detachment was driven back from the parapets in which they had effected a partial lodgment, but his men were not discouraged. A fourth attempt was made, the parapet was won, and the enemy driven out of the salient bastion. In the desperate struggle which followed for its possession, Lieut.-Col. Drummond was killed, and many other officers wounded, but this did not check the British advance in the slightest degree. To quote the words of an American historian of the war:—"The most obstinate previous parts of the engagement formed no kind of parallel to the violence and desperation of the present conflict. Not all the efforts of Major Hindman and his command, nor Major Trimble's infantry, nor a detachment of riflemen under Capt. Birdsall, who had posted himself in the ravelin opposite the gateway of the fort, could dislodge the determined and intrepid enemy from the bastion, though the deadly effects of their fire prevented their approaches beyond it. It was now in his entire possession." Effort after effort was made to dislodge the British from the bastion, but they all failed. Captain Birdsall, with his rifle regiment, with some infantry, charged them, but he was wounded, and his men driven back. Detachments of the 11th, 19th, and 22nd United States infantry were in-

roduced into the interior of the bastion for the purpose of driving back the undaunted British, but this attempt failed like those that had preceded it. The American artillery, from a demi-bastion of the fort, and the small-arms men kept up an incessant and destructive fire upon the attacking party, and, as it was now daylight, they suffered heavy losses, yet they still held their ground. At this moment the 103rd Regt., which had been turned from the left attack, had advanced to the bastion, in spite of the enfilading fire of the Douglass battery, and was about to rush into it to reinforce the heroic soldiers of the centre column, when a sudden tremor was felt like the first shock of an earthquake. In an instant the bastion was blown up with a terrible explosion, and all that were upon it or near it were killed or wounded. An eye-witness says that, as the bastion blew up, "a jet of flame, mingled with fragments of timber, earth, stone and bodies of men, rose to a height of 100 or 200 feet in the air, and fell in a shower of ruins to a great distance all around." So destructive were the effects of this dreadful explosion that there was no longer any coherent body of troops left in front of the fort to continue the attack, and the wasted remains of the centre and left columns withdrew from the field.

The British official return of the loss in this desperate affair put the number of killed at 57, the wounded at 309, and the missing at 539, a total of 905. It was stated, however, by General Drummond in his dispatch that almost all of these returned as missing might be considered as wounded or killed by the explosion, and left in the hands of the enemy. This was, unfortunately, only too correct a statement of the case. The number of British dead left on the field was 222, while 174 wounded and 186 unwounded prisoners remained in the hands of the enemy. The American loss numbered 17 killed, 56 wounded, and 11 taken prisoners, a total of 84 men.

The unfortunate error which sent the right column to attack Towson's

redoubt with scaling ladders that were too short, and without flints for the muskets, made any success in that quarter practically impossible. Yet there is ample consolation to the Canadian reader for the failure of the attack on Fort Erie in the contemplation of the heroism of the centre column, which has never been surpassed since arms were borne by man, and in the thought, that the leader of that column, who died at the head of his men, and a large part of the troops that composed it, were Canadians. Yet as we consider this glorious example of human daring, so honourable to the virtues of man, what are we to think of the American general, Edmund P. Gaines, who in a dispatch written on the day of the assault on Fort Erie, wrote as follows: "They attacked us on each flank, got possession of the salient bastion of old Fort Erie, which was regained at the point of the bayonet with a dreadful slaughter." This man, who prefaces his falsehood with the remark, "my heart is gladdened with gratitude to heaven," knew right well that the bastion was not "regained at the point of the bayonet, but that the gallant men who had won it at the point of the bayonet were destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder which, if not fired by the hand of Gaines himself, was done by his immediate orders. On this point there can be no doubt. Jabez Fisk, a soldier in the American army, who was in Fort Erie at the time, made the following statement, in writing, of what occurred: "Three or four hundred of the enemy had gone into the bastion. At this time an American officer came running up and said: 'General Gaines, the bastion is full. I can blow them all to hell in a minute!' They both passed back through a stone building, and in a short time the bastion and the British were high in the air. General Gaines soon returned, swinging his hat, and shouting: 'Hurrah for Little York!!'" It would be a waste of words after this to make further comments on any statement made by Gaines. Fort Erie was, a few days later, relieved of his presence

in a manner that a believer in the Mikado's theory of making the punishment suit the crime, would have thought very apposite. As he was sitting at his desk, probably indicting another mendacious epistle to the War Secretary, a British shell fell through the roof of his quarters, passed though his writing desk and exploded at his feet, almost killing the "gladdened Gaines," and compelling him to relinquish the command.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE OPAL MONTH

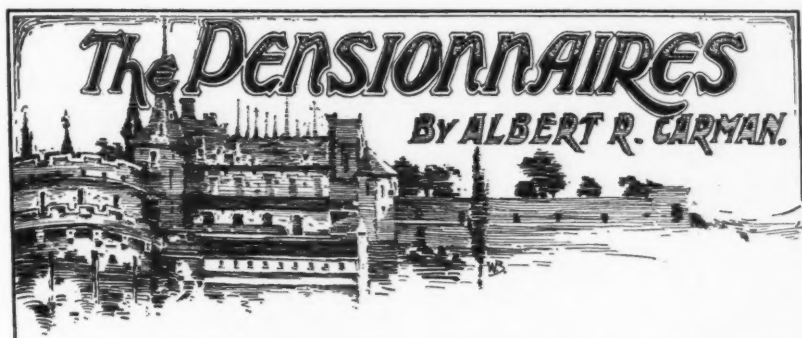
BY VIRNA SHEARD

NOW cometh October,—a nut-brown maid,
 Who in robes of crimson and gold arrayed
 Hath taken the King's highway!
 On the world she smiles—but to me it seems
 Her eyes are misty with mid-summer dreams,
 Or memories of the May.

Opals agleam in the dusk of her hair
 Flash their hearts of fire and colours rare
 As she dances gaily by—
 Yet she sighs for each empty swinging nest,
 And she tenderly holds against her breast
 A belated butterfly.

The small crickets sing no more to the stars—
 The spiders no more put up silver bars
 To entangle silken wings;
 But the quail pipes low in the rusted corn,
 And here and there—both at night and at morn—
 A lonely robin still sings.

A spice-laden breeze of the south is blent
 With perfumed winds from the far Orient
 And they weave o'er her a spell,
 For nun-like she moves, so still and so sweet—
 And while mists like incense curl at her feet,
 She lingers her beads to tell.



RESUMÉ—Miss Jessica Murney is a young American singer living in a European "pension" (at Dresden) and taking vocal lessons from a German instructor who thinks her singing too mechanical. Mr. Hughes, a young Englishman, is in love with her, but cares little about her singing. Herr Werner, a big German, on the other hand thinks well of her but is most concerned with her art. A party of tourists go to Meissen to visit the famous schloss, the Albrechtsburg. Jessica and Werner are left alone in the schloss during a thunderstorm, and together they viewed the frescos and portraits. Werner explains the romance and tragedy of it all, and arouses a new sub-consciousness in Jessica. She is recreated by her experience with peculiar results. She sings and talks with enthusiasm to the delight of Vogt and Werner and to the disquietude of Hughes. The party move to a pension in Lucerne, where Werner extends his influence over Jessica. Goaded beyond endurance, Hughes plans a kidnapping. It fails ignominiously. Yet it resulted in Hughes discovering that he desires Miss Murney as a personal possession. He proposed, was refused, and departed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next day at luncheon it was known that the Murneys were going immediately to Paris, and that they had never been there before.

"You will like it," said the French Doctor. "It is the ideal play-ground for people of an artistic temperament."

"You will see the dear, delightful art students there," added the widow, "with their wide trousers and their wandering hair."

"You will do more than see them if you go out on the street alone," was the Amazon's contribution. "Ugh! the greasy little beasts!"

"I was never spoken to once on the

streets in Paris," said the American wife with the little conscious air of making a remark that was part of a discussion.

"You were always with your husband, I suppose," shot back the Amazon.

"Not always."

"Pouf!" exclaimed the French Doctor. "Ladies who observe the customs of the country are not annoyed in Paris—and great allowance is now being made for the independent habits of American ladies."

"Do the men actually speak to you on the street in Paris?" asked Jessica in amazement.

"Of course they do," said the Amazon, "and they step on your toes and sing 'tra-la-la-la' in your ears."

"Awful!" cried Jessica.

"You must not go out alone," said Herr Werner, "nor look at the men. That is all. Frenchmen do not understand that young ladies ever go out alone."

"In England it is the same," snapped out the French Doctor.

"It is not," countered the Amazon bluntly.

"Do young ladies go unchaperoned there?" he asked mildly.

"No," she said; "but if they do they are not insulted."

"Insulted!" deprecated the Frenchman, extending his hands and tilting his head. "*Les jeunes hommes* are only playful—and as I tell you, they generally respect the peculiarities of Americans now."

"It is a playfulness that is not al-

ways understood, Doctor," observed Herr Werner.

"True!" returned the Doctor. "Not by the races that never play."

"Sh-sh!" whispered Madame.

"Never play," picked up the Amazon. "Englishmen are noted for their devotion to sports."

"But an Englishman does not play at his sports," expostulated the Frenchman. "He works at them—furiously; they are like little sections of war. You go to the Thames and you see Englishmen 'playing' with boats—stripped, panting, fighting for first place; you go to Venice and you will see them robe themselves in gay, holiday costume to play with boats, and float about to music or flutter off down the lagoon like a flock of coloured birds. Is not that so?" turning to the Italian.

"Yes," heartily agreed the Italian. "All southern races are playful—like children," he explained as by way of excuse for the northern English; and then went on to tell of some river fetes he had seen in Siam. When he had finished, the young American husband reverted obliquely to the old topic by saying that he had heard a Californian pronounce "the battle of flowers," at Nice, "an utter fizzle." "Why," he said, "you should just see the floral chariots we get up for our floral parades in California. Nothing to touch them here, I can tell you." He did not reckon in at all, added the American, the bushels of fun the Provençals got out of it.

"That's it," said the Frenchman. "You Anglo-Saxons are a great people; you only take pleasure in excelling—excelling—excelling! We Latins are more simple-minded—or is it more civilized?"—with a bright smile—"we are not always wrestling with each other; we can gather flowers and toss them at one another, and get great gaiety out of it."

"But do you not think, Doctor," asked Herr Werner, "that the tossing of flowers is a child's business when both nature and man are so full of things worth giving one's whole mind to?"

"Do you never relax?"

"Rest is necessary," answered Herr Werner, with a brisk certainty of mien; "but I don't go to the nursery for it."

"You like a beer garden better," returned the Doctor; but it was impossible to take offence in the face of his disarming smile.

The departure to Paris was not made quite so quickly as Herr Werner would have liked; for Herr Vogt was not a bird to take wing in a minute. He had much to arrange for, many boxes to pack for shipment to Dresden, and many precautions to take lest he should find himself in foreign Paris without a proper supply of familiar comforts made only in Germany. The Murneys were ready before him, and Herr Werner could hardly keep the secret that he intended to follow. Indeed, he was tempted to join the party in his impatience to get it off; for was not the clean-cut, unperturbed figure of the menacing Hughes to be seen day after day on the wide promenades of the quay? But, luckily, it did not again mount to the gravel path—and often Herr Werner wondered why.

The lady from Maine had been hurried off to the Tyrol by her alarmed and doubly disgusted husband on the morning after the night escapade.

"I don't want to run into that boatman again," he said. "He'd have me up for breach of contract or lunacy or something of that sort."

"Well, it was an experience," said the lady from Maine ecstatically, as she bent energetically over her dress suit case. "I guess few tourists ever get anything of that sort."

"I should hope not," was her husband's hearty comment. "If you want to find people who have done that kind of travelling, you'll have to go to the State prison—and it will be fun to hear you crowing over a man who has never 'burgled' outside of the New England States."

"I don't regret it," she protested. "It was so romantic and—and unusual—like a scene out of a story of chivalry, with moated castles and turret

windows and champing steeds and that sort of thing, you know."

"You're thinking of a dime novel," snorted "Sam." "'Maggie, the Midnight Marvel,' but you'll never catch me again—I've had my fill of rescuing distressed females."

"But think of the poor girl, Sam—and of poor, brave Mr. Hughes."

"Think of that boatman eating my groceries and thanking his stars that my keepers got me again before midnight."

Hughes bade them "good-bye" in the secrecy of their own chamber, and promised the lady that she should be told all that might happen after her flight. Her husband said, "All I ask of you is to keep dark what happened before our flight."

"You may be very sure I will," said Mr. Hughes; and they believed him. He might confess a crime but never an absurdity.

The last night before the Murneys were to start for Paris, Herr Werner and Jessica paced their "pension" veranda, revelling in the white shine of the moon on the sleeping lake and the indistinctly outlined mountains.

"What an unreal world it is," said Jessica. "It must have been on moonlight nights that the legends of the supernatural were born."

"Unreal?" questioned Herr Werner. "It is different from the day, but which is the unreal?"

And with this thought in their minds they leaned in silence on the veranda railing, drinking in the soft beauty of the scene—mantled by a shrouding light that covered more than it revealed. And they were each very conscious of the other—an unusual experience. The morning was to bring separation—Jessica thought that it might be final. Herr Werner knew better, but—Paris was another world, and French artists were swift to woo beautiful women. Was Paris a wise choice, after all? Yet, with their long acquaintance and their common love of the beautiful, there had never been the faintest approach to love-making between them. They were like fellow-

students of an entrancing art, but an art that was as sexless as the single-minded study of the nude. They took hands without a thrill. They saw the same beauties, and knew that they alone saw them; yet felt them not a whit more beautiful for that fact. Still there was close companionship between them—a companionship which at that moment neither of them had with any one else in the wide world, nor felt it possible to have.

"I wonder," said Herr Werner, "if you will really like Paris as well as this."

"I can't think it possible," replied Jessica.

"I never have," went on Herr Werner. "Paris has an endless variety of beauties, which, however, only seem to tickle my sense of the beautiful. This fills it—and more."

"Yet if one is to do anything one's self," said Jessica, "I suppose that Paris is the place to learn."

"Yes," laughed Herr Werner. "One can marvel at an Alp, but can hardly hope to be one."

"I shall miss you in Paris," said Jessica quite frankly; and then she wondered if she should have said it.

"I shall miss you—very much—when you go," replied Herr Werner in a lower tone, which added to Jessica's doubt as to the propriety of her naive remark.

Then there was silence for a few moments. "Miss Murney," said Herr Werner presently. "Would you like me to come to Paris?"

Jessica felt her mind leap foolishly at the alarm of the question, as she might have started herself at a threat of unlocated danger. Why could she not say—what was the truth—that she would like him to come, but that this liking had no suggestion of loving about it? Yet how could she?—it would be so unmaidenly.

Herr Werner's pulses quickened as he saw her hesitate. Hesitation could mean but one thing—the question had a tender side to her mind; and, while he had hardly intended it to have, he was a man, and the sight of such a

thought in a woman's mind called forth a response from his.

"You need not answer," he said in a minute. "I should not have asked it—but I will come."

"Oh, no!" cried Jessica impulsively. "Not in that way!"

"In what way?"

"It is not like you to put so stupid a question," she tossed at him with some asperity.

Abashed, he stood in silence.

"But if you are coming to Paris—as a friend," she went on with a distinct commonplaceness of manner, "I am sure that I will be less lonely."

So when Herr Werner bade the Murneys and Herr Vogt "Au revoir" at the train next day, three of them knew that he had the address of the "pension" in the Latin Quarter in his pocket-book.



CHAPTER XIX.

On an unusually wide but quiet street winding from "Old Boul Mich"—the "ch" is pronounced soft—diagonally across the district below the Luxembourg Gardens to staid St. Germain, a comfortable Madame and her black-haired, heavy-lidded and artistic daughter managed a "pension" for "permanents." The tourist was very seldom to be found there, one reason being that the "pension" was not known in sight-seeing circles. Occasionally an American art student on a holiday home gave the address to a friend who had been fascinated by his Bohemian tales of the care-free, unconventional life of the Latin Quarter; and the friend on a subsequent tour—possibly with his wife—drove up the empty, blank-walled street in the course of his search for a "pension," but, more frequently than not, all the rooms were taken. He would get a look, however, into a long drawing-room of barbaric furnishing; eastern lounges piled with coloured cushions, a taut-stringed banjo on a tumbled centre table, a shaggy skin before the dull grate fire—if the day were a little

chill—well-used pallets and maul-sticks hung about like mementoes, an open piano covered with music, unframed canvases on the walls, some sketches of heads, others impressionist landscapes, one a warm-tinted copy of Mercie's "Venus." If he were lucky, he would also chance upon a glimpse into one of the rooms which might have been to let—the den, perhaps, of an artist who was something of a sybarite; a long mirror hidden by photographs of all sorts and conditions of people from a group of the artist's chums to a half-length picture of his "model," from Rosa Bonheur in her blouse to the latest favourite at the "Folies Bergere"; a rose-wood piano; crossed foils, tied with ribbon; a medley of velvet garments hanging in a corner; an out-door sketching outfit on the bed; and half-finished pictures stuck wherever they would hold. Or it might be the bare room of a student at the Sorbonne, with its shelves of books, its lounge heaped with note-books, books, face down, on the table, lurid posters on the walls, a grate full of crumpled paper, and a variety of hats on the bed.

But, in any case, as he wound around the bicycles in the passage and took his disappointed way downstairs, Ma'am'selle, with her "painty" fingers and her restless, coquettish eye, assuring him with a flattering concern of manner that she was "so very pained that there is not one room," he was confident that he had missed thereby half the enjoyment and real insight into life that Paris might have given him.

This is the place to which Herr Werner had sent the Murneys and Herr Vogt, they having ascertained by telegraph that there were rooms for the party. Herr Werner had been there himself some years before, had duly fallen in love with Ma'am'selle, and then had fallen out again when he perceived that he had no more clue to her methods of thought than he had ability to keep pace with the thought itself. Both the "falling in" and the "falling out" were officially unknown

to Ma'am'selle, who took no notice of such things unless she was told of them, as she usually was when they happened to her fellow countrymen, and sometimes when they didn't.

It was night when the party got to Paris, and the rain was falling. But the streets, as their horse splashed along, seemed walled with bright windows and hung with moony planets, and paved with bars of liquid light. Then their cab rolled out into the dark, and they looked through the windows and saw beneath them, and away between wide parallels of marching lights, the river in which quivered the myriad reflections of a night city.

Then another bright, crowded, light-soaked thoroughfare; and then quiet and black walls and slowly passing street lights. Madame, amply made and with a winning smile, awaited them at the top of the stair, and showed them their room with many a "Voila!" and many a kindly attempt to speak a French slow and simple enough for their comprehension.

It was not until the next evening that they got to know much of their fellows in the "pension." The afternoon had turned a little chilly toward the close; and when the two ladies came in from a walk in the Luxembourg Gardens, they found a glow of fire in the drawing-room grate, and a babble of swift French playing about it. They threw off their wraps in their room, and then took Madame's invitation to come in to the fire. Ma'am'selle was there, and introduced them to the rest, at which they got a number of bows in the dim light, and a composite sense of many foreign names. One young fellow came promptly out of the group, however, and shook hands with them as if he liked it.

"Americans?" he asked. "So am I. Awfully glad to see you. Have a sort of family feeling toward all Americans who are not too snobbish to live in the Latin Quarter."

"Are there many living here—in this Quarter?" asked Jessica.

"Quite a few—and a rare good sort."

"We were brought here by my daughter's singing teacher," explained Mrs. Murney, not quite sure enough yet that it was the Murray Hill thing to do, to take the responsibility of it.

"It's the right place—you'll like it," the young man assured them. "I've been here for three years. My name's Huntingdon—Horace D. Huntingdon, of Cleveland, Ohio. I guess you didn't catch it from Ma'am'selle. She calls me 'Hoot-eeng-tong'; and he laughed cheerily.

"Did you catch ours?" asked Jessica.

"Oh, yes. I've been here long enough to know what a Parisian means when he says: 'Moor-nay.' What part of the States are you from?"

The two ladies looked at each other, and then Mrs. Murney said:

"Well, our last home was New York."

"But our real home," broke in Jessica impulsively, impatient of the mild deception and prouder, in her new spirit, of the mountains than of the city, "is the White Mountains."

"Jupiter! I know them. A painter's paradise!"

"Lovely!" agreed Jessica.

"But we shall probably live after this in New York," said Mrs. Murney, firmly.

"Oh!" said Mr. Huntingdon, as if noting the fact; and then—"Come over to the fire, and we'll make them talk English."

A young Frenchman sprang up as they approached, giving Jessica his chair and making room with a swift movement for another for Mrs. Murney. Flat on the rug before the fire lay a short, boyish chap with his hands under his head. The glow of the coals showed his face to be dusky, and covered with the short silken scattered hairs of the youth who has never shaved. His eyes were closed, but his lips bubbled intermittently with a popular air that ran like a subdued accompaniment to the chatter. At his head sat on the rug, with striking uprightness, a girl whose age it would have been difficult to guess. About her neck lay a

loose scarf, knotted in front; and her dark, greenish-coloured dress seemed to hang from her shoulders like drapery, though it was caught in at the waist. Her eyes sparkled perpetually as the talk played round her, and a picturesque figure she made in the uncertain light with her olive-pale skin and her smooth, low-sweeping hair. Hardly less picturesque was Ma'am'selle, sitting opposite her, while in the shadow at her back stood a man who seemed to inhabit his clothes imperfectly, so large and voluminous did they look. You saw the man himself when you looked at his feet which in shining little boots seemed a pin-point pedestal for his swelling figure; then his trousers widened out impossibly and spread away to meet the capacious skirts of his coat in the latitude of his hips; finally, you began to detect the man again at the shoulders, and then quite re-discovered him at his thin, clean-shaven face, crowned with black, loose hair. Another man, olive tinted, with goatee and horizontal waxed moustache, dressed in correct black for the street, sat at the piano, reading music and occasionally striking a few notes. The young man who had given Jessica his seat wore a short velvet coat and an enormous black tie; and with a shudder she saw that one of his finger nails was long and white.

Huntingdon's demand for English checked the conversation for just a moment, then the girl on the rug said in rather a staccato manner:—

"Perhaps Mees Moor-nay will give us her opinion. Can one serve two masters? Can one be an artist and be anything else?"

"I should hope so," said Jessica, doubtfully.

"*Mais non*," cried her questioner. "It is not to hope. It is a thing to know. If you love art, can you love a husband?"

"I vote 'yes,'" said Huntingdon, relieving the new-comer of a difficult question.

An impatient discharge of French followed from the gentleman in the wide trousers.

"M. Bilot says that I don't love art

—that I only love success," Mr. Huntingdon translated to Jessica.

"Well, shouldn't you want to succeed in your painting?" asked Mrs. Murney, with a view to comforting the assailed young man.

"Sure!" he responded cheerfully.

"Then—you—never—will," pronounced the pale oracle from the rug, shaking a serious face at him. "*Jamais! jamais!* You must think only of your art, never of success, never even of what the masters will say. You must think only of doing the perfect thing, *par-faite-ment!*—always! always!"

Ma'am'selle remonstrated in French at some length, Jessica gathering that she quoted her own example to the contrary; and, curiously enough, neither the girl on the rug nor the man behind her answered a word, but listened in flattering silence. Later, Jessica learned that this was the way in which the "pension" usually received Ma'am'selle's statement, no matter of what character. Ma'am'selle was too near the larder to be disputed.

"But you don't think that marriage interferes with art?" Huntingdon now asked the young lady on the rug.

"For a woman," she said, "it is death to art. A man may save his art if he keeps his wife entirely secondary."

"I have known," said the man behind her, "a good artist to lose his sense of proportion because his wife had a bad figure. He grew to think it good, poor fool."

The young man in a velvet coat shone suddenly into a sweet smile.

"Then it is good," he said, "to marry one's 'model,' *n'est ce pas?*"

Mrs. Murney picked nervously at her dress. She was not quite certain that this was conversation to be listened to. Just then Herr Vogt arrived, however, and his introduction jarred the conversation into another channel.

CHAPTER XX.

To Jessica, the free, unregulated talk of this "pension"—what she could understand of it—was a revelation. There was nothing in the breast of man

—or outside of it—that these astonishing folk would not discuss with the utmost frankness and unconcern. They seemed not to know that there were certain things never to be spoken of in a mixed company; though with a quick appreciation of her shy withdrawal from the conversation when it approached forbidden ground, and of her mother's fixed lips and averted eyes, they had a habit of slipping into French at such times, when the two Americans could presume that they were merely dissecting their neighbours' characters. Another odd thing was that they did not think of reckoning three Americans in the party, though Huntingdon was never tired of proclaiming his nationality. Conversationally he had become acclimated in his three years; and Cleveland, Ohio, would have been amazed at some of the opinions that fell from his lips. But quite the most curious thing of all was the entire absence of any of the results to be expected from so much license in discussion. There was no vulgarity of tone; on the contrary, a delightful and artistic refinement. Where nothing of human interest was to be avoided, there was no sense of a difference in moral quality between this subject and that. There was not a covert glance nor a snicker in the whole conversation. Jessica sometimes felt, when her flaming face was the first signal at the table that something had been said which should not have been, as if she were the one of vulgar mind who read a meaning into the talk that was not there. But then she knew that, whatever else had happened, she had not done this; for the meaning which she had perceived was the meaning on which the conversation swung.

There were phases of the talk into which Herr Vogt did not go, sitting silent; but into most of it he plunged with the eagerness of a man who finds himself unexpectedly at home. These people, one and all, talked of art as the one reality; and art meant the expression of the soul, whether in music, or on canvas, or in clay, or

with the pen. There were differences in the degree of their devotion. "Ma'am'selle" did much copying at the Louvre, and thought it possible to care for other things. M. Bilot had his own studio and painted what was within him without reference to anything else in the pressing world. It was on record that he had refused to paint a portrait once at a fancy price, because he was working on an inspiration of his own representing the Christ when the first doubt stirred in his mind respecting the sincerity of the Pharisees—though at the time he was living on the *plat du jour* of a neighbouring wine-shop, and was four months behind in his studio rent. M^{lle} Eglantine was a kindred devotee; and it was rumoured that she had, more than once, when hard pinched, earned money as a "model." But Herr Vogt naturally found most in common with the moustached man of the piano, M. Albert Laforest, who had his physical wants supplied by a small regular income, but who really existed on music. Of nights, these two would take turn about at the piano, playing and singing mostly things of their own composition, while the others sat in motionless silence, even breathing, as it were, under their breath. Then Jessica would sing, and the inner circle of the free masonry of art was open to her, though she knew so little of the jargon, and still carried so many of the shackles of conventionality. Later in the year, M. Bilot painted a picture of the party grouped about the drawing-room in attitudes of tense quiet while Jessica sang; and it was hung for weeks in a window on the Rue Lafitte.

Of course, the purpose of Jessica's presence in Paris was steadily pursued. She took daily lessons now from Herr Vogt; and they all three climbed to the gallery of the Opera House again and again to hear the best singers of whom Paris boasts—if the polite Parisian appreciation of the good in art or music can be represented by so assertive a verb. Herr Vogt was at great pains to preserve his incognito, for he

had a lively fear of Hughes in his mind—a fear he might have, had he known that young man's movements, freely dismissed. Herr Werner had come, and now lived near them; and he, too, found the atmosphere of the Murney's "pension" fairly to his liking—but "Ma'am'selle" seemed at times to resent his worship of the new star. He appeared slow of thought and speech in that hair-trigger company; but when they came to know him, they waited patiently for the unfolding of his thought, for they found it well worth while. There seemed, however, to be one subtle difference between his and their point of view. Together, for instance, they could revel in picturing the gathering of glittering knights and gaily-dressed ladies for a mediæval tournament—an exercise he was fond of introducing into their talk—but the others dwelt only on the pageant, the streaming colours, the picturesqueness, the old-time manners and customs. To him these were but the fitting trappings of the magnificent manliness, the ever-tested courage of the jousts, and the high spirit of the women who kept their favours for the brave and not for the merely entertaining—for the knight rather than for the minstrel, to say nothing of the "fool."

Jessica in this stood with Herr Werner. "It seems to me," she said to him one day, "that these people would paint a knight's armour while you would understand his very spirit"—a saying she was to recall before many moons.

Early in their stay Herr Vogt had to face a serious question. Would he let his other pupils go for a time, and stay to direct the marvellous Miss Murney's career in Paris; or would he leave her to a French teacher and go back to Dresden? He liked neither alternative, and was about deciding to try and carry the Murneys back to Dresden, defying "Herr Hughes" to destroy the effect of all these weeks of "living her music," when, through the instrumentality of M. Laforest, Jessica received a flattering invitation to sing at a great function a little in the future. She accepted at once, for

this was what they had come for; and Herr Vogt doubted his ability to persuade her to give up the chance. So he waited; and Mrs. Murney carried Jessica off to "shop" for a suitable gown for the occasion, and dragged her hither and thither in jostling stores and charging streets, until she was well-nigh worn down to the spiritless level of those first dreary days at Lucerne. This might, indeed, easily have happened if it had not been for the deep draught of the truly artistic spirit which was pressed to her lips nightly at the "pension." But, as it was, she sang still with the soul of her; and Herr Vogt awaited his triumph, for now that Jessica was to sing in public, he could abandon his irksome hiding. As for Herr Werner, he read the loud advertisements and thought of the indefatigable Hughes—but there was much hope in him, for Hughes had appeared to give up the contest even in Lucerne. He did not mention this to Herr Vogt, however—it was as well not to be too sure.

Finally the great night came, and the whole "pension" marched over to the cheapest seats in the house to hear their familiar divinity. But, although they gave her a lonely spatter of applause when she came out, the rest of the audience received her in silence. She was a newcomer and an American; and America was a land of cheap finish and easy supremacy. At her first notes there was a slight stir, and then a deeper silence. The compliment of close attention was being paid in italics, and when she finished a storm of applause broke over the house, which did not abate until she had come back twice to bow and then a third time to sing. The judgment of the audience approved her like the snap of a spring. At her second and only other appearance she was received as an old favourite, and, at the close, the musical coterie in the audience mobbed the stage waiting-room to see and praise her. Here Herr Vogt was discovered and re-discovered, and flooded with congratulations on having found this marvel, and brought her, with

rare sapiency in a German, to Paris; and they were both invited here, there and everywhere, and one serious engagement for a month ahead "booked" before they escaped to their cab. The next day some of the papers, which had heard of the event promptly, had much about "the new American singer," and other papers kept publishing it as fresh news for the remainder of the week. Jessica was "discovered" nearly every day by a new journal, which apparently imagined that no person had heard of her until one of their musical contributors got time to send in an elaborate and signed "appreciation."

It was then that Mrs. Murney began talking of London. London was the place from which to dazzle New York. These French people were all very kind and appreciative, but look at their papers! They'd never get Jessica's

picture in. From London every success would be cabled to the illustrated Sunday journals. Herr Werner took new alarm at this talk of London. London spelled Hughes.

But Hughes was on a ship bound for the west coast of Africa, where he had a brother captaining a handful of British "Tommies" who were keeping the flag floating and the natives up to the mark at one of the outposts of Empire. He could see nothing in Europe but a lost Jessica, and he longed to mix his life with the primal currents of being. He should have been a soldier, b'Jove, he told himself, and had his duty to do.

Herr Vogt had a final struggle with himself as to the future, and decided to leave Dresden definitely for the winter and to ally himself with Jessica's soaring fortunes.

TO BE CONTINUED

BENEATH THE DOG'S FANG

A STORY OF THE JACOBITES

By Montague Glass and Hubert McBean Johnston



T was after Culloden and the little army of Charles Edward was well nigh dispersed. Like a man who bows his head in his cloak to the swirling of a winter blast, it had staggered blindly hither and thither under the buffets of the Red Coats, until the more prudent had dropped out one by one.

Of these were Dr. Dundonald, Alexander his son, Stewart of Ardath and the latter's man, Alan Ross. The Doctor, leaving his daughter to the care of his maiden sister, had relinquished his practice to follow the fortunes of Charlie, and now when the hope of the Stuart succession was

shattered, he was in a pass to justify himself. Stewart of Ardath was adamant in despair; his man cared naught for anything in God's earth but Stewart. The four of them were skirting the Ribble to the Irish Sea, where they thought to find some Jacobite fisherfolk either at Lytham or Bispham-and-Poultom, and so by water to France and safety.

It was a mute and haggard company that straggled by the river side. Alan Ross had no English and was of necessity silent, for the Doctor, a man of parts and breeding, disdained the Gaelic, speaking English with a lowland accent and French as a Parisian. He used the latter between Stewart of

Ardath and himself, and English to his son. Indeed, Alexander was ignorant alike of Gaelic and French, and when he did speak, which was seldom, his voice was so choked with the thought of his sister and the lost cause, that he made little sound enough.

By day they slept under hay-ricks and hedges, and by night they slunk along the country roads, cringing at the shadows, and of a mind to run at the crackling of a bough. To the cordiality of the belated yokels, they gave no answer, but left them staring in the middle of the highway.

The Doctor strode ahead of the others. A May moon, just rising above the coppice, danced a black shadow in front of him as he walked. Alan was telling his beads, and Stewart made shift to whistle "Tullochgorum" with lips like parchment and a lump in his throat he could not down. As they reached a bend in the road a horseman lurched over the crest of the rise, and with none too steady a seat, drew up at the little group with a drunken flourish.

"I give you good evening, gentlemen," cried he.

The Doctor bowed.

"What a night for riding," continued the rider; "and I would be at it myself but this is Kitridge's mount, and what with his wine and his company, it was beyond me to refuse the nag, for to be candid, friends," he leered confidentially, "my legs are not as straight as my head."

"Sir, in your parish, we—" commenced the Doctor, for he had by this time perceived the stranger's cloth.

"This is not my parish," interrupted the other. "I am the Vicar of Ware, under God and King George, as prosperous and peaceful as any."

"Then as you still have far to journey and the hour is late, we bid you good evening and a pleasant ride." The Doctor made as if to pass him.

"God's wounds, sir," broke in the man of the cloth, "'tis bare one o'clock, and when a man is out after midnight, in a manner of speech, he is up betimes. Moreover, I come from such

talk of war and the spitting of Jacobites and other rogues as lends not to sleep, so I am in no hurry."

"Indeed you say," said the Doctor, pricking up his ears at the words wars and Jacobites.

"'Twas young Kitridge himself. He stays with Sir John to-night, quartering a troop of the Ninth in his father's stables. They scour the countryside to-morrow—I wish 'em luck. For my part they can drive 'em like rabbits. The damned traitors!"

Stewart of Ardath glowered ominously at the stranger. The Doctor was for dragging them all away.

"Papists and rascals all!" hiccuped the Vicar. "A filthy crew, and as for their foul leader, Charles Edward—"

Stewart of Ardath swept aside the Doctor's restraining hand, and with a bound was at the Whig's throat. The sudden onslaught staggered alike both horse and rider. The brute wheeled in the road, its burden shrieking with rage and fright, and swifter than thought was gone.

Stewart, fury and indignation shaking his huge frame, picked himself up from the dust of the road and nobody spoke for a while.

"Man, you've undone us," at last said the Doctor.

Stewart groaned with the misery of it all. His king flouted, his friends endangered, and he himself bruised and shaken, the outcome seemed dark indeed.

"They will be for setting the Red Coats on us," he said huskily; "we must separate without delay. 'Tis I that have brought this on you, Dundonald, and I must be the one to suffer. Get you and Alexander over the fields to Preston. Alan and I will shift for ourselves."

The Doctor clapped him on the shoulder.

"What, Stewart man? This is no time to speak of parting. We must stand or fall together. It looks bad for us, and all the more reason why we should stick to one another." He turned with a brisk air to the rest. "Come, Alan man; come Alexander;

we must be stirring. Lytham must see us ere sunrise."

Stewart maintained his plan to separate, but Dundonald was firm against it, and eventually prevailed.

They turned into a path by the river and hastened on in silence. By this it had clouded over and a strong tide setting to the sea, kept the river apace with them as they walked. And so they trudged through the long night, a soft drizzle falling the while. At last the first glimmering of dawn disclosed the Ribble widening to its estuary. They trod firm, white shingle now. Hardened by the receding tide, it crunched under their heels.

By this it was seven. A sea fog rose with the morning, and closed in on three sides as they skirted the high cliffs of crumbling sandstone common to this coast. Red buttresses of rock, furrowed and seared, supported the perpendicular of the cliffs, while here and there the eyrie of a gull or fish hawk jutted from mid-height. The tops of these buttresses looming up in the curling of the fog, presented so forbidding an aspect as, with the damp and gloom of the day, took the heart out of Dundonald and his son. Homebodies and unused to the hardships of outdoor life, they were at the breaking point of endurance. Stewart and his man Ross were seasoned by the stress of many a Highland storm, and beyond the memory of their defeat, were not unduly depressed in body or mind.

Alan was crooning a Gaelic air without tune, and his thoughts were after the deer-stalking and salmon. Without wife or child, it was all one to him if Stewart was by and unharmed. His beard crushed on his breast and neck by the salt breeze, and his grey eyes peering through his thick brows, gave him the appearance of a sagacious terrier.

The four of them pushed manfully forward for Lytham, hungered and weary, but resolute withal. The sea boomed on the shoal afar out, and the sound re-echoed from the cliffs. Now and then a bird cried overhead, flitting in an out of the fog, and dropping to

the sand almost at their feet. They tramped on and still there was no break in the rocky wall which shut in the land. The noise of the waters increased, and soon the shallow waves snapped hissing at their shoes. Stewart and Ross muttered Gaelic monosyllables to each other. Alan stopped and eyed the red jutting of the cliff, fingering its gnarled surface, and estimating the chance of a foothold in case of an emergency.

"Hasten, Alan man," cried the Doctor; "there must be an opening."

The fog narrowed on them as they hurried. They were in single file by this and almost grazing the base of the cliff. The water was over their ankles, and rising rapidly. As the waves retreated, Dundonald stumbled once or twice and clung to his son for support. Soon it swirled about their knees, almost sweeping Dundonald away. At the next abutment they stopped.

"We must make shift to get above the water somehow," said the Doctor. "'Tis all seamed and creviced along here, and there's a hole yonder that we might crawl into and be safe."

He pointed as he spoke to an orifice in the face of the rock which was barely an inch above the high-water mark as indicated by the green deposits on the cliff. It was a chance, at any rate, and they might fare worse by proceeding.

Stewart, looking well to his foothold that he might not slip, and gripping finger purchase as best he could, scaled the face of the rock first. The climb was not great, but the slimy sea-weed was far from being of assistance, and it was with a throb of exultation that he finally dragged his knees over the ledge. Unwinding his tartan, he lowered one end to the little group who waited anxiously below, and soon all were safe. Alan Ross was last up, and none too soon either, for ere he braced himself for the pull, the icy water was lapping well above his thighs.

Their perch was an oval opening, some six feet high, in the narrow wall

of sandstone and extended through from side to side. Not more than three feet across, they were obliged to lie prone on their breasts with heads and feet projecting. Dundonald, wilted with fatigue, hung over the coping like a wet clout and was sustained from falling only by reason of his cramped position. By dint of much squirming Alan produced a flask of good Highland whisky, and pressing it to the Doctor's lips, revived him exceedingly.

With that fortitude which had accompanied them throughout, the four men made no sound of complaint and awaited patiently the receding of the water. It was now about at its height and eddied and splashed beneath their very noses, covering them with spray and adding materially to the discomforts of the situation.

Suddenly a sound other than the deep booming of the sea on the rocks smote upon their hearing and all leaned forward that they might listen the better. Again it came, this time louder than before.

"Didn't hear it, Alan?" cried Stewart. "A cry for help, was it not?"

"Ay," responded the other, bending over the ledge and peering into the mist.

Again the cry pierced the thunder of the surf and anon a red speck bobbed up and down in the white of the sea-foam.

"B'r' Lady," cried Stewart of Ardath; "'tis a trooper. Chased the game and caught himself, eh?"

Alan Ross would have advocated letting him fight for himself as best he might, but the Doctor would have none of it and insisted that all effort be made to do what was possible to save him. Indeed, however, there would have been but slight chance of the little party on the rock being able to give assistance had not the tide lent its aid and swept its burden in toward the angle of the buttress, where it was caught in the eddy of a retreating wave and whirled not a foot beneath Stewart.

He reached down with his long,

sinewy arms and grasped it by the wide lapels of the coat; then one prodigious heave and its sodden weight was on top of them.

"He's alive still," cried the Doctor, who had been feeling a clammy wrist; "quick, Alick boy, the whisky."

They struggled to make room. The water was running in streams from the man's mouth and soon he gasped and was violently ill. Stewart bore him, as it were, on his shoulders, his long arms encircling the burden and keeping him from slipping into the spume. The Doctor squirmed until he rested on his back and then with the help of Alan, turned the half-drowned soldier and endeavoured to force the liquor through his tightly clenched teeth. He spilled the half of it, but a few drops penetrated and with a tremor and a groan, the man came to life.

Raising himself on his elbow, he stared stupidly around.

"Where am I?" he questioned at last, and then suddenly his eye fell on the little group surrounding him. The instinct of the soldier came back. Detail by detail, he compared their appearance with the description given by the Whig clergyman.

Stewart of Ardath, noting the scrutiny and guessing its import, glared back a threat from beneath his beetle brows.

"Jacobites, I take it!" rasped out the satisfied Whig, "and if I am not mistaken, the fugitives for whom I seek. In the name of the King, I declare you all my prisoners."

The Doctor and Stewart glanced at one another. The look of the former was one of inquiry, while he of Ardath threw back a suggestion which Dundonald at once comprehended.

"No, no," he said hastily in French; "there must be no violence. At a pinch we may tie him and leave him for his comrades to find when the tide falls, but first let us see what words will do."

Stewart made no reply. Turning to Alan, he muttered something in Gaelic and surrendered the leadership to the Doctor's diplomacy.

Dundonald glanced at the stranger.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, "but in self-defence we must ask for the whistle at your neck. We care not to meet your friends, though we doubt but little they are amiable gentlemen and graceful companions."

The soldier hesitated for half an instant.

"And if I elect to refuse?" said he surlily.

The Doctor nodded to Alan. In a twinkling the Scot had the silver bauble.

"You see," said he quietly, "we would have to adopt measures to which we would prefer not to resort."

"I warn you, have a care," cried the soldier angrily. "I am Captain Kitridge."

"And I," replied the Doctor suavely, "am called Dundonald—by profession a medical man. I am glad to make your acquaintance. I have heard of you before, though we have never been fortunate enough to meet. This tiresome difficulty in which you and I have been unlucky enough to choose opposite sides has prevented any hospitalities between us."

The Captain, angered at this banter, glared at the Doctor.

"And now," pursued Dundonald, "that we have met, I am going to impose upon your acquaintanceship to the extent of asking your signature to a free passport for myself and party to France. I trust you will not refuse it."

"And in case I do refuse?"

"I take you for a gentleman of discretion," answered Dundonald confidently. "The water is deep here at high tide and a man accidentally drowned is dead, you know, with none the wiser."

Involuntarily the soldier shuddered.

"Besides," the Doctor ingratiated, "it is such a little thing we want—a bare five-minutes' work."

"Man, man, you don't know what you ask. It is dishonour for me to do this thing."

"And death if you don't!"

Death stared him in the face, and brave man that he was, Kitridge could not look it in the eye. On the battlefield it would have been different; drowning was not a soldier's end. Who would know why he had died? To what cause would he perish? And anyway, what were the lives of four rebels to the King in comparison to his?

"Give me the paper," he cried hoarsely. "I'll sign it."

"Now tie him," commanded the Doctor when this was done. "He has served our purpose."

In three hours more, the tide had fallen considerably. Cramped and weary from their long wait, they dropped, one by one, into the water.

It reached only to their knees and they plunged bravely through it.

"We must hasten," said Stewart of Ardath; "soon his men will be discovered him."

Late that night, as the moon rose high overhead, a Whig captain sat in the midst of a grim-faced company and described his adventure with the Jacobites—and, it may be mentioned, to the no small glory of himself.

On the other side of the English Channel, a small fishing-smack, containing four persons, was fast approaching the protecting shores of France.



KINGDOM'S "BREAK-IN-TWO"

By J. W. Fuller, author of "Isolda"



UPON the counter which separated the operator's room from the outer passage of the telegraph office, in the small suburban station at the west end of the extensive yards of an important eastern railway centre, a brawny trainman lounged, and from the window looked out upon a narrow platform—rain swept and quite deserted—alongside which ran several tracks. These shone brightly beneath the station lights for a few yards, then vanished into the blackness of the night beyond—a blackness relieved here and there by variously coloured lights which, to the practiced eye, conveyed clear vision of the great yard with its network of steel, accurately placing each track and siding, and proclaiming the setting of its switch. On the further track, over an ashpit, a locomotive stood, with air-pump throbbing and exhaust blowing, as though the iron monster, all alert with life, chafed at the delay, impatient to be off. Beneath, a grimy roustabout, with long-handled iron rake, was industriously hauling forth the accumulation of clinkers from the firebox, the lurid glow from which threw an unnatural light upon the immediate surroundings, while it intensified the darkness beyond.

"How is she, Joe?" inquired the trainman, withdrawing from the window.

"She hasn't reached 'The Bend' yet," replied the young fellow, who sat listening to the click of the instruments which, in sharp, crisp accents, poured into his trained ears their story of life and action.

"Slippery rail bothering her some, I guess," commented the other, "I hope she don't tie me up here for half the night."

"Jack Kingdom with '94,' eh!" he continued after a pause, as a huge mogul engine, hauling a heavy freight,

pulled slowly by and finally came to a standstill with a rattling and jarring of couplers, which travelled along the entire length of the train as the slack ran home.

Presently the outer door opened, and the conductor—a rather small man with sharp features, a firm mouth and clear grey eyes—entered and proceeded to 'book' his train, the water running from his oilskin cap and coat in little rivulets to the floor.

"Anything for me?" he inquired briskly.

"Six 'manifest' cars," returned the operator, handing him a bundle of waybills, "and here's your orders."

"Phew! I s'pose I can drop some?"

"I always drop just as many as I pick up," volunteered the big fellow on the counter.

The other glanced up, but without replying turned to examine the papers in his hands.

"Where are they?" he inquired after a brief pause.

"Right here in the Spring siding."

Just then a brakeman, lantern in hand, stepped inside. Kingdom turned to him with:

"Six 'manifests' in Spring siding to go on. Cut out the four 'o.c.s.' next the engine; he can drop them into the Long siding as he goes up to the chutes," and placing the bills carefully in his pocketbook, he picked up his lantern and turned to follow his brakeman out.

"Heard from the boy lately, Jack?" queried his confrere, from the counter.

He hesitated a moment with his hand on the doorknob, then answered hurriedly:

"Not since the fight," and passed out quickly.

"He ain't leaving as many as he takes on after all," commented Conductor Cummings as the door slammed. "Jack always did like lots of

cars—'lots of cars and no tramps' suits Jack Kingdom every time."

"What about the boy?" inquired the operator. "I thought he had a row with Jack and left home years ago."

"So he did. This is a younger one who turned soldier and went to South Africa. Jack thinks a pile o' him—so he did of the other before they had the scrap. Got that order for me yet?"

"Just calling now—I guess this'll be you."

Out in the darkness and rain, Conductor Kingdom was busy going over his train preparatory to starting upon another stage of the long journey he must accomplish before daylight, his keen eye taking note of the draw-gear and door fastenings of each car as he passed along.

"Here, climb out of that!" he suddenly shouted, turning the rays of his lantern full between two cars and disclosing a miserable figure huddled upon the buffers and grasping the brakemast.

With a curse the detected tramp slipped to the ground and slunk away in the darkness upon the opposite side of the train.

"Guess that chap didn't know he'd struck Jack Kingdom's train, eh!" remarked the brakeman with a grin.

"He knows now that I don't furnish cushioned buffers for his benefit anyhow," was the dry retort, and Kingdom passed on.

A little farther along, and nearer the engine, his lantern shone upon some object in the corner of a coal car; but he turned it quickly in another quarter.

"Poor wretch!" he muttered, darting an inquiring glance in the direction of the brakeman, whose attention was for the moment occupied elsewhere.

"How Bill would whistle if he knew his 'Con' had purposely missed that fellow!" he continued, "somehow I don't seem to have the heart to rout him out. I s'pose even a 'hobo' may be honestly in hard luck sometimes—for all I know Jim may be roughing it somewhere in just that fashion. I can't get that boy out of my mind to-night—

thought Tom Cummings meant him when he asked me about young Bob just now—wonder if I was too hard on the lad? Perhaps I was, though I never thought so before—guess I wasn't. Good mind to go back yet and rout that chap out."

He did not put this afterthought into practice, however, but went on with his examination, and having reached the forward end, delivered the engine-man his orders.

In a few minutes the long train pulled out of the yard, and Conductor Kingdom swung himself up the steps of his caboose as it passed. For the next two or three hours his time was fully occupied looking after his train, now out on top of the cars, again dropping or picking up one at a way station; but through it all there were constantly revolving in his brain thoughts of the boy whom he had banished from his home nearly a dozen years before, and whose name had scarcely been mentioned in the family circle since.

That the boy's mother had grieved and prematurely aged, he knew; but since her first impassioned pleadings for the pardon of the youthful offender, no word of reproach against her husband had passed her lips. She was one of those uncomplaining women who suffer none the less keenly because they endure in silence; and not a day passed without her earnest prayer ascending for a reconciliation between the stern father and the erring son.

Though fondly attached to each other, the two had had several violent passages; for the boy—always high-spirited—rebelled against the correction of the father; and the final rupture had come over a trivial enough matter. The son's pride was injured that his simple denial of a fault was not accepted, while the father held him as wanting in respect for his parental authority; though now, as memory lingered over the incident, he recalled with what quiet dignity the lad had maintained his side of the controversy; and he had always secretly admired him for his sturdy words in parting—"Good-bye,

father, I'm not anxious to leave; but I'll not come back to the old home until you ask me to!" And bravely he had kept his word. Of course he could not humble himself to send for the boy; and thus matters had stood during all these years.

About four o'clock the train made its last stop, where Kingdom received orders to run straight through to the division terminus, still some thirty miles distant; and having seen that everything was in proper shape, he descended into the caboose and stepped to his desk to check over his bills and enter up his "consist." As he worked, however, his thoughts kept busy, and with a strange persistency reverted again and again to the lad who had so disappointed him.

To escape the unpleasant memories he tried to turn the channel of his thoughts upon his second son—his father's pride, who had gone to do battle for the Empire upon the South African veldt—and presently, in imagination, he looked upon a gruesome scene.

In a bare, open space, at the base of a ridge of frowning, rocky hills, several khaki-clad figures lay prone in the dust beneath the pitiless sun. Their limbs were drawn in various attitudes, but all were alike motionless. The only sign of life in that dreary waste was in a score of sinister-looking birds, who hovered in the air above, wheeling and circling in gradually descending spirals. How the spectator longed to shout and drive them from their prospective revolting feast! Lower and lower they dropped. But now there is a movement in one of the hitherto motionless figures—a jerking and twitching of the limbs, faint at first, but growing stronger, until at length the body rolled half over. The carrion birds mounted to a more respectful distance, while Jack Kingdom looked upon the upturned face of his son—not the sturdy Bob, who had sailed with the last contingent, but the wayward Jim, with whom his thoughts had of late been so busy!

So vivid was the scene, the conduc-

tor was ready to shriek out in agony, and he stood at his desk trembling and wondering what it could mean.

To his intense relief, at that moment the cupola window opened and shut, and someone shuffled down.

"Everything O.K. Bill?" he inquired, not daring to turn his face lest it tell tales.

Receiving no reply he repeated the question, but yet there was no response, and, turning, he was amazed to confront, not, as he expected, his rear brakeman, but a tall, unkempt, tattered figure, proclaiming unmistakably a member of the genus tramp.

"Well, I'll be —!" ejaculated the conductor in unfeigned astonishment.

For a tramp to ride on his train was bad enough, but for one to walk boldly into the caboose and stand there calmly facing him, was such unheard of impudence that his usual self-possession entirely forsook him, and he stood for several moments staring blankly.

"Well, what are you after?" he inquired at length.

"It's pretty damp outside, so I thought I'd like to take a turn under cover," the fellow replied coolly, edging toward the stove, but keeping a wary eye on Kingdom.

"Don't you know it's against the rules to carry tramps?" interrogated the conductor sternly.

"Yes, but I thought it wouldn't be any more a breach of rules to ride in the caboose than on a coal car," was the retort.

Kingdom swore beneath his breath. This was his reward for a momentary softening. The fellow knew he had seen him in his corner and had taken courage to beard him in this fashion. He rather admired his audacity, he confessed to himself. Stepping up into the cupola, he looked out; both brakemen were out on the train, and as they were approaching a small station, with another a short distance farther on, there was little likelihood of either coming in for some time—not that the conductor was looking for assistance. He would have thought nothing of tackling an intruder twice the size of this

fellow, but he was strongly tempted to allow him to remain to get warmed up and had no mind for his crew to become witnesses of the lapse.

He stepped back into the body of the caboose.

"You may sit there for a few minutes, and then you'll have to git," he conceded none too graciously; and his unwelcome guest perched himself upon the edge of the long seat running along the side of the car.

His coat collar was turned up, his hat pulled well forward, and with a two weeks' growth of beard, his features were well concealed.

"What's your name?" Kingdom inquired.

"John Cameron."

"That's a lie," was the polite rejoinder, "but I like you all the better for not wanting to disgrace a respectable name."

"Where'd you come from? How is it a sturdy young fellow like you is on the tramp?" the conductor next demanded.

"I was in an English regiment in South Africa for over a year, and was laid out in a skirmish our fellows got the worst of—was left for dead, but by the help of some blacks who happened along, pulled through and made my way to Cape Town—concluded I'd had enough of fighting, so worked my passage to England and then back to Canada. Not waiting to get properly discharged left me short of cash, and that's how I'm 'on my uppers.'"

"A likely yarn!" was his auditor's comment; but in spite of his gruff speech Kingdom was softened.

"Hungry?" he asked, and not waiting for an answer, passed a generous portion of his own lunch to the half-famished intruder, who ate it ravenously.

"When you've finished that, step out on the rear platform. We'll be slowing up a bit soon; then you can drop off and hoof it. Here's a quarter for you; but don't let Jack Kingdom catch you on his train again."

At that moment, a long-drawn, far-distant whistle from the direction the

train was travelling caught the conductor's keen ear; and with an exclamation he bounded into the cupola. It was a single track and he had orders to run straight through; therefore, an engine in the locality that whistle sounded from meant trouble ahead. In an instant, all the horrors of a head-on collision flashed through his brain.

Throwing wide the sash, he climbed out upon the roof, where he was almost swept from his feet by the force of the driving wind and rain. The sharp, long-drawn blasts of a whistle could be plainly heard coming from about a mile ahead, while forward, about two-thirds the length of the train, a lantern was being violently swung in a circle. Kingdom took in the situation at once—his train had parted, and the forward and lighter portion had outrun the rear.

Turning angrily to the tramp, who had followed him, he shouted:

"Curse you! You've been monkeying with the operating handle of that coal car!"

"No, I didn't!" came the indignant response; and even in that moment of excitement, his accuser remembered that it was with just such an emphatic denial his bitter quarrel with the wayward Jim had commenced. Had he misjudged the boy?—and was he misjudging this fellow now?

While his thoughts were busy he was taking prompt measures to meet the danger. The whistling in response to the rear brakesman's signals indicated that the engineman was aware of the break; and with the exercise of proper care the matter might be remedied without serious results.

Descending into the caboose, he seized the handle of the conductor's valve, and applied the air brake; then ran rapidly along the top of the cars to where the brakeman was continuing his signals to the distant engine.

"All right, Bill; I'll watch him! You get your fuses and drop off the rear. I've put on the brakes, and I think they'll hold her, though it is a stiffish grade. I can feel them gripping now!"

The brakeman hurried off to be in readiness to protect the rear of the train when it should come to a stop, while the conductor continued the signals with his lantern.

Kingdom soon began to feel uneasy, and to wish that he had not been in such a hurry to drop a flagman; for the train was not answering to the brakes as he could desire. They were on a steep grade, and the string of heavily-laden cars was not easily controlled. He must try the effect of the hand-brake; and rushing to the purchase wheel of the forward car, he wound up the chain as tightly as possible; then passed to the next car and to the next.

While hurrying from wheel to wheel, he became conscious that another figure was vigorously seconding his efforts, and reflected grimly that even a 'hobo' had his uses. But despite their utmost exertions, there was no slackening in the speed of the runaway cars; indeed, it had perceptibly increased, and now they were tearing down the steep descent known as the "Turtle Back" at an alarming rate. The cars lurched from side to side, and seemed each instant about to jump the track; but fortunately they held to the rails.

The conductor was now momentarily expecting to overtake and crash into the forward portion of the train; but the engineman being familiar with the locality, knew the danger, and contrived to keep well in advance.

When the hand-brakes had been tightly applied upon every car, Kingdom started to go over them again. He knew it to be useless, but any exertion was preferable to passively awaiting the catastrophe he dreaded. He managed to pull up the first two or three a couple of cogs on the ratchet; but, on attempting the fourth, the dog slipped and the full impetus of the released wheel catching him unawares, and aided by a sudden lurch of the train, swung him off his feet and over the edge of the roof.

A quick catch at the hand-hold saved him from falling to certain death, but

he struck heavily against the side of the car, cruelly bruising his body and limbs, and all but wrenching him from his hold.

Too exhausted and bruised to pull himself up to the roof again, he hung, swinging backward and forward like a pendulum, and striking and rebounding from the siding at every lurch, while the cars continued their mad career down the steep grade. He clung to the iron rod tenaciously, though he knew this could not last for long; and he grimly wondered how many more such blows he could sustain ere unconsciousness would result, and his nerveless fingers release their hold.

In that terrible moment his thoughts again reverted to his wayward son, and he keenly regretted that he could now have no opportunity to send him a message of forgiveness. Did he know that the boy would return home to comfort his mother in her widowhood, he felt he could die content.

For two or three minutes, which seemed hours, the plucky conductor hung thus; then he felt the cold iron begin to slip through his impotent fingers—another lurch and he must surely loose his hold! It was coming now—crash! he went against the side of the car, and the rod seemed jerked from his grasp. Now for the fatal drop! He could feel his boots scraping the siding as he went down—in another instant all would be over!

Suddenly his descent was arrested. Someone on the end ladder had reached an arm around the corner of the car and gripped him about the waist! For a moment or two he hung in mid-air. Would the venturesome rescuer have strength to haul him up, or must his brave attempt prove futile? To climb the ladder with his dead weight was an almost superhuman task! The suspense was terrible. Soon, however, he felt himself drawn slowly upward. He could hear the deep breathing of his rescuer, telling of the frightful strain under which he laboured; but he persevered, and in another minute the half-unconscious

conductor lay stretched upon the roof of the car.

For a brief space Kingdom lay indifferent to his surroundings; then, as his brain cleared, he raised himself upon his elbow and looked about him. He felt bruised from head to foot; but though movement was painful, anxiety as to the outcome of the perilous position of his train overcame all other considerations.

Three or four car lengths ahead, a figure was signalling with a lantern—signals which were being answered with another lantern, as well as by blasts from the engine whistle about a third of a mile beyond. They had reached the bottom of the "Turtle Back" without coming to grief, and on the comparative level the terrific speed of the unpiloted cars was appreciably abated. He could feel the wheels skidding under him, and knew that at last the brakes were securing control. Now was the time to reunite the parted sections; and Kingdom groaned aloud as he realized his utter inability to grapple with the task.

But even as he bemoaned his helplessness, his keen eye detected by the signals that an understanding had been arrived at, and that shortly the attempt would be made.

Vaguely he wondered how the rear brakeman had managed to overtake the runaway cars he had dropped off to protect, until suddenly it dawned upon him that it was not his brakeman who had taken charge of his train, but the tramp. Doubtless it was he who had also hauled him up from his perilous predicament but a few minutes ago. The fellow must surely be an old trainman! At any rate, he had somehow become possessed of a knowledge of signalling—perhaps in hanging about railway yards.

In agonized suspense he followed the arrangements for coupling up. The signalling lanterns were approaching nearer and nearer together, indicating that the engineman was cautiously feeling his way back to where the rear portion had come to a stand—he noted that the break had not occurred at the coal car! At length, after some manoeuvring, the desired end was attained, and the mental vision of shivered timbers, piled-up wreckage and scattered merchandise, which for the past half-hour Kingdom had had constantly before him dissolved. Taking leisure to examine his own hurts, he was relieved to find that although severely bruised, there was no evidence of broken bones, and he contrived to crawl down into the caboose.

An hour later No. 94 pulled into the terminal, after the most exciting run in Conductor Kingdom's experience.

As the train drew into the yard the conductor noticed a figure drop from the front steps of the caboose and move off into the shadows.

"Hello, you there! Come back!" he shouted, hobbling out to the platform.

"Well; what d'you want?" enquired his acquaintance of the night, shuffling back.

"I want you to help me get up to my house."

"No you don't!" came the quick response, "any of these fellows can do that, and I must be moving on!"

"But I want you, *Jim!*" returned Kingdom persuasively, "I'm asking you to come back home, my boy; and your mother's waiting for you. I mean that my train won't be the only 'break-in-two' recoupled this morning." And he reached out a hand, which met his son's in a hearty grasp.





Current Events Abroad

By
John A Ewan

IN the kingdom which Phillip governed twenty-three centuries ago with the wisdom of a statesman, and from which his son Alexander went forth to subdue the world—within a few hours' journey of the cradle of European civilization, the birthplace of refine-

ment, philosophy and science—within the jurisdiction of the very city from which Constantine proclaimed the authority of the Christian religion, and from which Justinian promulgated his laws, 350 battalions of Turkish soldiers are at the moment extirpating a population. Let no one call this a war. It is nothing more or less than the species of devastation carried out by Zingis Khan when, as Gibbon tells us, "from the Caspian to the Indus they ruined a tract of many hundred miles which was adorned with the habitations and labours of mankind, and that five centuries have not been sufficient to repair the ravages of four years."

This Zingis was an ancestor of the present masters of Constantinople, and we are witnesses that they have lost nothing in the intervening centuries of the power and will to turn a fair and smiling land into a wilderness by the simple process of murdering all its inhabitants, men, women and children, attended with every circumstance of brutality and fiendish deviltry.

As we entered the twentieth century we indulged in a great deal of smug self-gratulation at the vast advances we had made in the "wonderful century" which had just taken its place as a part of the past. But during the whole of that era the Christian powers of Europe allowed a degenerate mob of semi-savages to occupy some of the fairest parts of Europe and to disgrace humanity every few years by premeditated



Hindi Punch THUS PICTURES BOY RULL TRYING TO SHOO OFF THE GERMAN AND RUSSIAN BIRDS WHO ARE FEASTING ON HIS PERSIAN TRADE. "OFF! OFF!" HE CRIES.

massacres of terrible proportions, accompanied by every species of atrocity of which the vicious Tartar is capable. There was a time when the Turks' strength gave him immunity from interference or correction. That time has long since passed away. He himself recognizes the power of the Christian peoples to turn him out of Europe bag and baggage, but he also recognizes that their mutual jealousies prevents that concert of action that would be necessary to accomplish this much-to-be-desired result. When the cynicism that characterises the civilized powers at the present moment is observed there is a feeling that Governments can be classed with corporations which have neither bodies to be kicked nor souls to be damned. It is no slander of the Eastern and middle nations of Europe to say that each of them has its account in the deterioration of Turkish rule and is taking a cool interest in the grand assize of outrage and murder, and calculating when the moment will be ripe to step in and get the largest possible haul of the possessions of the murderer when the day for executing justice upon him arrives.

The greatest fear that Russia and Austria have is that between the Provinces which the Turk has cursed for five hundred years, a stable union might be effected, and civilized Government established on the ruins of Turkish rule. There is not much likelihood of such a thing, and there will be still less likelihood of it the longer the



NEXT!—Chicago Journal

Turk is left to alternately misgovern and devastate the regions over which his baneful sway is exercised. The curious spectacle is therefore presented of the three Emperors expressing their extreme displeasure with the Bulgarian population for precipitating the present struggle. Not alone have they expressed their displeasure; they have passed their opinion that it would be quite the proper thing for the Turk to administer exemplary punishment to a people who are so thoughtless as to disturb the high game of those whom God has set up in authority over more than half the inhabitants of Europe.

The Turk is taking them at their word, and a horde of soldiers in which the villainous Bashi-Bazouks and the blood-thirsty and bigoted Albanians are prominent, both in deeds and numbers, have been turned loose on Macedonia, and scenes from which the mind turns in horror are now being enacted with the guilty knowledge of the three Christian Emperors. It may be said



THE EMANCIPATION OF LABOUR—New York Herald

that other powers should not be expected, at enormous cost, to act as the police of Europe. There can be no doubt, however, that the moment the Porte recognized that the powers were united and in earnest it would not need combined armies to bring him to his senses. A naval demonstration at the Golden Horn would probably be sufficient for all purposes.



Meanwhile Russia has troubles elsewhere. It is impossible to withhold admiration from the little brown people who, wholly unabashed by the might of the power opposed to them, have firmly and steadily withstood his attempts to make his position in the East dominant and impregnable. Events seem to indicate that Russian officials were playing a game of bluff, and, in the technical language of that game, Japan "called the bluff." This is well illustrated by what happened the other day in Korea. At Yongampho the Russians upheld their right to a large timber concession, which it was said the Korean court had granted to a Russian company. Japan simply

held that it would recognize no such concessions on the part of the Korean authorities. The Russians insisted and choppers and other employees went into the woods to work. Japan, however, put the whole matter to the issue by seizing the first Russian vessel which attempted to carry away lumber. It was a virtual act of war on her part and a self-respecting power which had played the game up to that point would have seen it through. This Russia was not prepared to do and now the news reaches us that the two powers are negotiating. It is not at all likely that Japan will suffer in the negotiations. She knows exactly what she wants and she appears determined to get it. Her influence in China is steadily growing and in the nature of things must grow more rapidly than that of Russia. The spoken language of the Chinese and Japanese is not the same, but the written language is identical. This gives them a tremendous advantage in China over other peoples. A university has recently been founded in Peking, of which the professors are all Japanese. Chinese youths are attending the mili-

tary colleges in Yeddo. Japanese officers are instructing Chinese soldiers and helping to organize the army on the Japanese model. They are doing the same work in Korea and it is said to be impossible to distinguish a Korean soldier from a Japanese soldier. Russia herself aims at strengthening her forces by enlisting Chinese, but it will take her a long time to possess the same ease of intercourse with and knowledge of the people of the flowery land that the Japanese possess by right of birth and race. The Japanisation of China is said to be assuming large proportions, and if it succeeds, Russia will at length encounter a formidable obstacle in her eastward march.



Russia's unwillingness to take up the gage thrown down by Japan may be due to her great Minister's determination to preserve peace at all costs. Peace is necessary to the fruition of his plans. He needs so much money to finance his various railway schemes, and to meet the annual losses they entail, that even a war with Japan is to be avoided at all costs. Moreover, the movement to start Russia off as an industrial nation is at a very critical period of its progress. It has early reached the stage of discontent, riotous strikes, over-production and consequent want of employment. Peace is, in fact, an indispensable condition of the realization of M. de Witte's plans. The rest of the world can wish him well with all its heart. A statesman who believes that the greatness and glory of his country can best be subserved by industry and peace is rare enough to be a treasure. Just what position M. de Witte occupies in the regard of the Czar at the present moment is a matter on which there are two opinions. He has just been made President of the Council of Ministers. At first this was hailed as a signal that he had triumphed over the reactionary and military elements among the Czar's advisers. It is now

stated, however, that the apparent promotion is merely a euphemistic means of dethroning him. His plans for an industrial revolution in Russia, the transmutation of the peasant into a factory hand, have utterly failed, and his railway projects have so burdened the exchequer that Russia is financially helpless in face of some of the most dangerous foreign complications that she has ever faced. If it is true, however, that the great Minister is under a cloud, it can only be a temporary eclipse. The building of Trans-Siberian and other pioneer railway enterprises may be as great a financial burden as a big war, but the after-effects are different. Time will be on M. de Witte's side.



It is a curious thing that the most redoubted opponent Russia has encountered in her far-Eastern policy has been a gentleman upon whom, we may be sure, she had not reckoned when she entered upon it. This is Mr. John Hay, the United States Secretary of State. Mr. Hay, most inconveniently for Russia, insists on the keeping of promises, and as these promises, if kept, would largely nullify any advantages flowing from the occupation of Manchuria, the great Bear sulks mightily. Mr. Hay's quiet but firm diplomacy is attracting the admiration of European masters of the craft. The London *Spectator* recently devoted an editorial in eulogy of Mr. Hay, and those who have watched his career will heartily agree with its estimate of the man. He has made his country a factor in world-politics and a factor making for honesty and integrity. In considering where Mr. Hay obtained his insight to great affairs, the *Spectator* recalls that Mr. Hay served his apprenticeship under the eye of Abraham Lincoln.

Time was when eulogy of an American statesman in an English newspaper would have blasted his career. Fortunately that time has passed.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

GOOD SPEECH

Think not, because thine inmost heart means
well,
Thou hast the freedom of rude speech:
sweet words
Are like the voices of returning birds
Filling the soul with summer, or a bell
That calls the weary and the sick to prayer.
Even as they thought, so let thy speech be
fair.

—Lampman.

NOT long ago an exceedingly silly article appeared in the *New York Sun* in which the writer protested in an agony of indignation against the iniquity of designating as *English* the language spoken by him and his countrymen. Backed by arguments to prove that the Americans and the English are two different peoples, differentiated in thought, word and custom, he boldly advanced his contention that the language of his compatriots should be known henceforward for what it is—the American Language.

It is not my present intention to enter into any discussion of this question, nor does it seem to be worth while to mention the few trifling reasons that do exist why the language *proper* should continue to bear the name of the race that made it. The language *improper* as spoken in more than one corner of this continent may, indeed, better be called by any name than by that borne by the language which Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare and a countless shining host have triply crowned with beauty, grace and dignity. If the *New York Sun's* ultra-patriotic correspondent is desirous of

having all the world know that the language which has incorporated into it such musical words and chaste expressions as "daffy," "dippy," "snooty," "the whole push," "hustle," "on the gink," "not so worse," and numerous others which will readily occur to the readers of George Ade and other United States litterateurs of his ilk, is not English but pure American, shall we say him nay or question its claim to the title?

My present purpose, however, is not to dwell upon the eccentricities of the few who speak English and would call it American, but of the less worthy many who speak a curious hybrid dialect and are fain to call it English.

There is a delightful little book by Henry Alford, late Dean of Canterbury, which should be in the hands of every English-speaking person. It is entitled "A Plea for the Queen's English," and in his preface the author likens the Queen's English to the Queen's highway which, once a mere track over an unenclosed country, has, by very slow degrees, been levelled, hardened and widened into the broad, smooth highway over which we to-day travel in ease and comfort.

"In the course of centuries our English tongue has been ever adapted more and more to our continually increasing wants. It has never been found too rough, too unsubstantial, too limited for the requirements of English thought. It has become for us, in our days, a level, firm, broad highway, over which all thought and all speech can travel smoothly and safely. Along it the lawyer and the parliamentary agent propel their heavy waggons, clogged with a thousand pieces of cumbrous, antiquated machinery,

.... Along it the poet and novelist drive their airy tandems, dependent for their success upon the dust which they raise, and through which their varnished equipages glitter. On the same road divines, licensed and unlicensed, ply once a week or more, with omnibus or carrier's cart, promising to carry their passengers into another land than that over which the road itself extends, just as the coaches out of London used to astonish our boyish eyes by the 'Havre de Grace' and 'Paris' inscribed on them. And over this same Queen's highway plods ever the great, busy crowd of foot-passengers—the talkers of the market, of society, of the family. Words, words, words; good and bad, loud and soft, long and short, millions in the hour, innumerable in the day, unimaginable in the year: what then in life? What in the history of a nation? What in that of the world? And not one of these is ever forgotten What a history, it has been well said, is this earth's atmosphere, seeing that all words spoken, from Adam's first till now, are still vibrating on its sensitive and unresting medium."

Surely this is a solemn thought which may well be taken to heart by every Canadian, particularly since there is a tendency amongst us to become careless of speech, forgetting that our language is a trust to be kept inviolate and handed down to our children pure and undefiled. There is no language more beautiful than ours, none more fascinating in its history. Indeed, I could hold forth upon this subject until *Woman's Sphere* overflowed its space-confines and filled the MAGAZINE from cover to cover. Even then the half would not be told. However, in looking again through Dean Alford's preface, I find that he has in a few words summed up the whole matter so admirably, that I shall content myself with quoting him:

"The language of a people is no trifle. The national mind is reflected in the national speech. If the way in which men express their thoughts is slipshod and mean, it will be very difficult for their thoughts themselves to escape being the same. If it is light-flown and bombastic, a character for national simplicity and truthfulness, we may be sure, cannot be long maintained. That nation must be (and it has ever been so in history) not far from rapid decline and from being degraded from its former glory. Every important feature in a people's language is reflected in its character and history."

The editor of *Woman's Sphere* has great pleasure in drawing the attention

of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE's readers to the Canadian League for Civic Improvement, which was formed in Toronto last February.

The object of the League is to unite and secure the co-operation of all men and women, and all organizations that are interested in the promotion of outdoor art, public beauty, or town, village, or rural improvement. This is a comprehensive programme, and affords an opportunity for every person in a community to do something towards its accomplishment.

Amongst the civic improvements suggested for workers in cities, towns and villages are better streets, more tree planting, well-kept boulevards, more and better kept parks and play grounds, improvement of public buildings, schoolhouses and churches, and more general use of vines, ivy or climbers, more artistic grounds around all of these buildings, and a more general planting of flowers and shrubs therein. The erection of statues, fountains, public gymnasiums and rest rooms, cemetery improvement, improvement of railway station grounds, planting of trees and flowers about factories, the improvement of vacant lots, lanes and alleys, a greater attention to public sanitation, a perfect sewage system, improved facilities for the disposition of garbage, and many others equally important. To quote from a paper on the League written by Major George Pattullo, of Woodstock, who is Hon. Field Secretary of this most worthy organization:—"With good roads to drive, wheel, or walk over; with the highways tree-lined, the landscapes improved by replanting, the church and school properties which we pass beautified by well-kept lawns, shrubs and trees, vines and flowers; and with the national flag floating from a flag-pole at every schoolhouse, how much more pleasant it would be to travel in the country, and how much more proud we would have a right to be of our native land!" It is with the utmost heartiness that we wish all power to the Canadian League for Civic Improvement; for Faith, we need it!

According to a successful woman insurance agent of Chicago, more and more insurance is being taken out by women every year:

"They are now considered good risks, whereas formerly a woman had to pay an extra premium to secure insurance. About six years ago that hindrance was removed, and now nearly all of the life insurance companies accept them on the same basis as men. One of the old conservative companies just yielded the point a few weeks ago, but still makes an exception to married women, as several of the other companies do. The mortality among women is no greater than among men, and their liability to accident is not so great. As for the class of women who take out insurance, I suppose that trained nurses and women physicians have a larger percentage than have other professions. After that come the teachers in schools, then dressmakers, milliners, cashiers, clerks in department stores, and others, but very few stenographers. It is a singular thing that we always find it difficult to convince a stenographer of the value of life insurance. Professional women are more apt to insure than others, and insurance has recently become very popular among actresses. As a rule, actresses do not save their money, and do not have anything left after their popularity has passed. We insure a good many women in private life also. It is becoming quite common, and very soon as many women as men will take out policies upon their lives, particularly those who have others dependent upon them. Mrs. Leland Stanford, it is said, carries a larger amount of insurance than any other woman in the world. Her policies amount to more than a million dollars."

A capital thing for the woman who travels, or is in the habit of going about by herself, is the International Registry Company, which has offices in Toronto, New York, Montreal, Paris and many other cities. One is insured in this company for a purely nominal sum and receives with his or her policy an identification card, upon which are inscribed the name of the holder, the name of the relative to be notified in case of accident to the holder and the company's guarantee that it will be responsible for necessary expenses in case of financial difficulty, or will care for the person of the holder in illness, or for his or her body in case of death.

In England they are still wrestling with the domestic service question.

One distraught old lady is treading a thorny path trying to keep contented and happy the elegant dames of the household who now possess her dwelling-place. These ladies have to be addressed as Dame So-and-So, and demand much respect and consideration, and since each one will do only the things in which she has been trained, and not too many of these, it takes three dames and a big boy to accomplish what was admirably done by a cook, a housemaid and a small boy, in the happy days forever gone, before "Home Helpers" realized that they were a Problem—with a capital P.

One reads with interest the following paragraph clipped from a current periodical:—

Lady Aberdeen is not the only "advanced lady" who holds unusual ideas about domestic service. The Countess of Carlisle is in the same boat, says an English paper. They both conceive it to be their duty to dine with their household servants once a week. Lady Mary Murray, Lady Carlisle's daughter, has her maids into the drawing-room for five o'clock tea every Thursday. They declare the custom of eating with the servants was once common in the North, which is true enough. But the practice was a lingering trace of feudal times, and has died a natural death along with other things obsolete and unsuited to the modernities. All the friends of Lady Aberdeen and Lady Carlisle have heard over and over again the advantages and delights which appear from their point of view. One rather wonders what the servants truly think about it. It is difficult to believe that they really enjoy sitting at table with their employers. A school treat or a rent dinner may be well enough, for these things only occur once a year; but every Thursday!

A lady who writes as one with authority gives the following comprehensive description of the "agreeable girl." *Agreeable* seems rather too mild an adjective for such a girl; *perfect* would describe her more accurately, and she is certainly an excellent ideal to place before maids and matrons everywhere:—

"She is sometimes rich, but seldom handsome; yet we all like to meet her in this work-a-day world of ours.

"She meets one cordially, does not rush up hysterically, catching at one's hand or dress, blind one with her effusive enquiries,

A WOMAN'S BUILDING

567

for she is in the highest and best sense well-bred.

"She is always well-dressed, not conspicuously, for that savours of vulgarity, but her dress is always in harmony with the time and place. Soiled gloves and skirts with a fringe of braid that should have been renewed are never seen.

"She never speaks of the last sensational divorce case to the woman who has been unfortunate in her domestic relations.

"If one is ill and my lady calls, no disagreeable subject is introduced that will jar on the sensitive nerves. She is not necessarily brilliant, indeed, seldom is; yet she always holds her own in society, not by storming at its doors, but by her keen sense of the fitness of things. She understands the art of listening to others.

"My lady always takes pleasure in introducing people with like interests, not in keeping them apart that she may monopolize each in turn; for to see others happy adds to her enjoyment.

"She meets newcomers in the church or home half-way, and does not forget faces

when she meets them two days later. Her appointments are always kept promptly. If she finds it quite impossible, however, to meet an engagement, she writes a note at once and explains, thereby saving others much discomfort and inconvenience.

"She never addresses her men acquaintances by their first name; that familiarity is reserved for him who has a deeper claim than mere acquaintance.

"She is well versed on the current topics of the day, and does not blunder through a conversation with statements of which she knows nothing.

"She does not inform an artist what the standard works of art are. He is supposed to know. She minds her own business, leaving others to look after theirs."

One might perhaps add three or four additional "She does" or "She does not's" to this list, but doubtless the average girl will find those already cited as much as she can comfortably live up to.

A WOMAN'S BUILDING

By Emily Cummings

IN the days of our grandmothers, nay, in the days of our mothers, the desirability of devoting a large building at an Annual Industrial Exhibition to the work and interests of women and children would hardly have appealed to the wise judgment of any Board of Directors. Therefore the fact that this was actually done at the Dominion Exhibition which has lately closed in Toronto may be taken as a recognition on the part of the large body of representative men who compose the Board of Directors of the advancement made by women in many directions during these latter years.

The steps that led to this happy consummation may be briefly told. For many years the space devoted to women's work in the second gallery under the roof of the Main Building was manifestly inadequate and undesirable, nor did it even satisfy the women most interested to be told that the place was chosen for them "because it was nearest the angels!" Many protests were made, but lack of space elsewhere made any fresh location impossible. It was felt also by

many women that a small committee of ladies would be helpful in connection with the Woman's Department. The Toronto Local Council of Women therefore petitioned the Board of Directors in 1902 to appoint such a committee, and also to provide a building solely devoted to the special interests of women and children as soon as more buildings were erected in Exhibition Park.

To both requests the Directors acquiesced, and asked the Local Council of Women to nominate a committee of five from the members of the Federated Societies of which the council is composed, their appointment, of course, resting with the Board of Directors. As will be remembered the new "Manufacturers Building" was not completed in time for use last year, so that the work of the committee was carried on then in the old gallery under great disadvantages, and many of their plans had of necessity to be held in abeyance. This year owing to the strikes, the fine, spacious, airy building was assigned to them too late to secure the large loan exhibition

which had been contemplated, and to secure the co-operation of various associations of women which had been part of the original plans. In undertaking gratuitously what they rightly knew would mean much work and great responsibility the committee were actuated solely by their realization of the educational value of the Industrial Exhibition to thousands of women who visit it, especially to those who in their homes in the country places have few opportunities of coming into personal touch with the newer interests that are matters of every day life to their sisters in the larger centres. To very many of them, kindergartens, schools of household science and manual training are but vague terms seen in papers and magazines, and it was felt by the committee that to arouse an interest in this "Newer Education" might mean very much good hereafter to the lives of scores of little ones.

The Directors were therefore asked to have part of the building made into a "Demonstration Hall," and it was equipped in three sections: Kindergarten, cooking and manual training. Classes from the public schools and their teachers were seen at work in turn each day, morning and afternoon, in the three departments. The large number of persons of both sexes and of all ages who witnessed these demonstrations and the real interest aroused, as evinced by the questions asked of those in charge, proved that the expectations of the committee were more than realized.

For example, those whose impressions of manual training had been that it was intended merely to turn the boys into carpenters, soon found out as they questioned the boys themselves concerning their work, how very much more there was in it—how lessons in accuracy, in patience, in perseverance, had not to be impressed upon the boy by the teacher, for he found out for himself by doing, their value and importance to his work, and in so learning he was gaining what would be of inestimable value to him in whatever walk of life he might afterwards pursue.

In the same way, in watching the classes in cookery, where each little girl in her spotless apron did her individual share of the work, many women in the audience realized that the instruction which was also given in the composition and food values of the articles used was likely to be of more lasting benefit to the girl's family than had she been merely taught in her own home how to cook a tasty dish.

The tiny little kindergarten children were always delightfully natural, and went through their little songs, occupations and games as happily as if they had been alone in their own school-room. That they were unconsciously learning lessons of form and colour, for example, when playing soldiers with their tiny cubes, was an unexpected discovery to many of the spectators. Later each afternoon this hall was used for a series of meetings, when papers or addresses were given on such subjects as: "The Home Beautiful," "How to Apportion the Family Income," "The Teaching of Art to School Children," "Bookbinding," "Home Handicrafts," and "Child Saving," while on other afternoons interesting programmes were arranged by the Women's Historical Society, the W.C.T.U., the Household Economic Association, the Humane Society and the Women's Institutes, thus bringing a wide variety of important interests to the attention of the visitors.

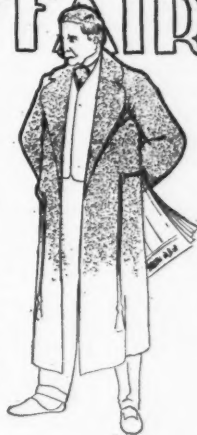
In the other portion of the building, a careful revision of the prize list produced good results in eliminating many articles of little real value, now only made for exhibition purposes, and by the addition of newer classes of work. The spacious cases in which the work was shown to advantage added greatly to the general good effect, and most of the work, from the finest laces and embroideries to carpets and loaves of bread, showed skilled workmanship.

The Loan Exhibition provided object lessons to workers as to the excellence attained by the habitant women of Quebec in their beautiful homespun, and by the Doukhobor women in their exquisite drawn work and embroideries.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



THE new transcontinental road will cost much money directly and much indirectly. At the close of last session it was announced that no more railway bonuses would be given, but that assistance would be rendered to a new railway to the West. This session bonuses are to be given freely in addition to assistance to this new transcontinental road. This is a reversion to the old order of things which most people believed had gone forever.



The Canadian Northern Railway has received a bond guarantee of some eight or nine millions. That was the first breach of promise. If that were the last, most people would overlook it. Now comes the announcement that the country is prosperous and can easily grant more bonuses. There are to be other breaches of the promise, breaches which will be condoned by both sides of the House.

The country is prosperous. There is no doubt of that, but the reasonable conclusion would be that this prosperity would remove the necessity of bonuses. If bonuses are to be granted because the country is prosperous, then they may be expected to increase in size and number as the years go by. Surely the absurdity of this would have revealed itself to such shrewd and able men as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. Mr. Fielding.

The real reason for this revival of subsidies is due, no doubt, to compromises which were rendered necessary by the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme. The Canadian Northern people have considerable influence in both parties and they demand subsidies as the price of their acquiescence in the Grand Trunk's magnificent bargain. The same may be said of the Canadian Pacific people, the Trans-Canada

crowd, and the Quebec Bridge promoters. In order to smooth down the opposition to the Government's bargain with one set of financiers, all the other sets must get a share of the plunder.

The weakness of the politicians on both sides of the House, and the selfishness of our financiers was never more strikingly exhibited. The country is prosperous, the revenue is increasing, trade is doubling, profits are growing, therefore increase the bounties on steel production, on silver-lead refining, on binder twine manufacturing, on bridge construction, and on railway building. Truly, prosperity hath its dangers as well as stagnation. In Great Britain prosperity and an expanding revenue means a reduction of taxation; in Canada they mean an increase in the levies and a more generous giving to him that hath.

One of the wildest passions in the human breast is due to an uncurbed desire to win, the desire to have the world think us cleverer than we really are.

THE DESIRE TO WIN. It is said that there are many golf-players

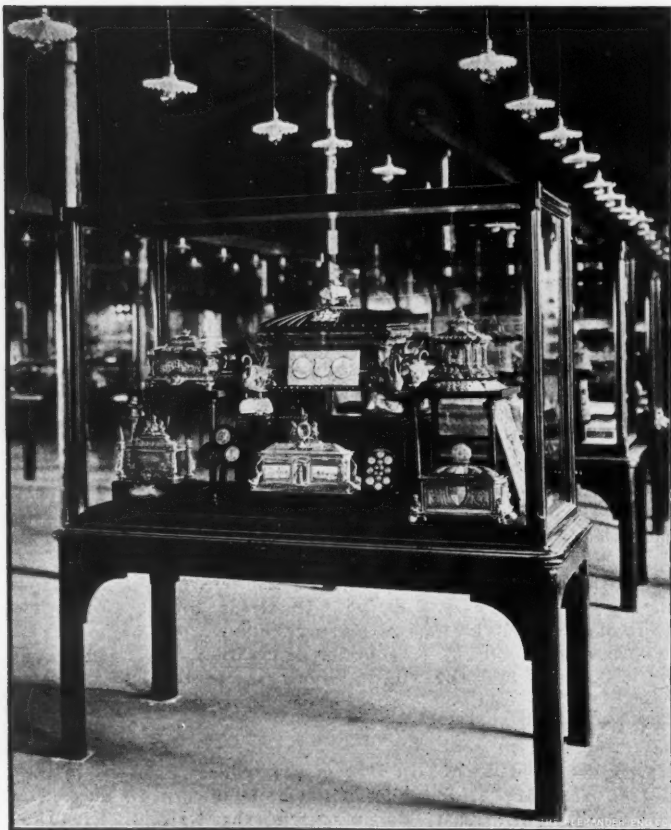
in the United States who cannot be trusted to tally their own scores. In

Canada there is less trouble of this kind, and the general belief is that the Canadian is fonder of sport for the sport's sake than United Statesers. We are not quite so keen. Still there are plenty of examples in Canada of men being overcome by the desire to win. The other day, a competitor at the Dominion Rifle Association Matches at Ottawa was convicted of an attempt to bribe two of the register-keepers in order that he might have a higher score. Rifle-shooting is a keen sport, but the

man who cannot resist such temptations should realize that rifle-shooting is forbidden ground for him. A lover of whist, who has played in many Ontario tournaments, is authority for the statement that whist-players have their weaknesses, and that the desire to win often leads them to over-step the line which divides honourable conduct from dishonourable.

In no kind of sport has the desire to win led to such extravagances as in lacrosse. The town that has a lacrosse

team will resort to all sorts of schemes to beat its rivals. It will bonus players to induce them to settle in that town during the lacrosse season. It will try to break up opposing teams by all means, fair or foul. The consequence is that lacrosse has declined in popularity to an alarming extent. In Toronto, where a good match would once be attended by thousands, a contest will now attract only a few hundreds. Even professional baseball re-



THE JUBILEE PRESENTS AT TORONTO

The First Dominion Exhibition, which was held in Toronto last month, was quite a success. Queen Victoria's Jubilee presents, selected and sent by King Edward to the St. Louis Exposition, were displayed and proved a great attraction. This picture will give some idea of the cases and caskets exhibited, and the manner in which they were displayed. They were viewed by about half a million people.

ceives the preference, because there is less sham and less hypocrisy.

In business, too, this uncurbed desire to win sometimes leads to dishonourable conduct. A firm of manufacturers who have been selling a certain machine which had acquired a reputation for reliability undertook to increase their profits by substituting iron for steel in a certain portion of the machine. The extra profit could be only temporary since, in business as in sport, the public cannot be deceived for any great length of time. Canadian manufacturers are doing well, but they will learn that while petty dishonesties may be covered up or overlooked for a time, they are destructive in the end.

Similarly in politics, the uncurbed desire to win has led to petty briberies which, while legitimate in a legal sense, are not honourable. A Canadian politician hates to see his party out of office. The speeches of Members of Parliament, of Provincial Legislators, of stump-speakers abound with insincerity and special pleading. The administration of the revenue, of the license laws, of justice even, is made to serve party ends. Even the ballot-box has not been held sacred. The railways give free tickets; the Governments grant senatorships, judgeships, registrarships, and other public offices for party purposes; public contractors are required to give up part of their profits for party purposes; all because of this insane desire to win. Even newspapers will bolster up dishonest politicians because they belong to the particular party to which the newspaper gives allegiance.

The churches in their methods are not above criticism. They heap honours on dishonest men who will give freely of their unfairly won spoils. They will tolerate looseness in high places, and money-making schemes which are not conducive to nobility of character. A Roman Catholic picnic without its guessing competition at so much per guess would be an oddity.

An Anglican or Presbyterian or Methodist church which would refuse a missionary donation from the liquor traffic which it condemns would be an anomaly.

Perfection is not to be expected, and honest emulation is not to be condemned. Canada, however, must curb this desire to win, lest the resulting extravagances undermine the foundations of our national life.



There is much University turmoil in Canada. The small university, crowded to the wall by the expensive demands of modern

UNIVERSITY scientific education is considering its position. In Nova Scotia,

King's College hesitates about joining Dalhousie. In Ontario, Trinity is being held back from Federation by a fighting minority, and the position of Queen's is causing the Presbyterian Church some anxious hours. In Great Britain there are fourteen universities for a population of forty millions; in Canada, there are fourteen for six millions. There is no doubt that we have too many universities and none that are thoroughly efficient. When the struggle is over—and it will yet cause much heart-burning—there will be five great Canadian Universities: Dalhousie for the Maritime Provinces; Laval (Roman Catholic) and McGill (Protestant) for Quebec; The University of Toronto for Ontario; and the University of Manitoba for the West. British Columbia may ultimately have a fair University, but it will be some years yet.

Perhaps the change is a sad one, but it appears inevitable. The great cost of the modern equipment in psychology, physics, chemistry and other branches is the prime cause. The larger university attracts the better professors and the better students, and gives them more of a standing in the community. But there are other reasons which are more general.

John A. Cooper

BOOK REVIEWS



A RATHER clever young man writes sarcastically about Hall Caine in the September *Bookman* (U.S.). He intimates that Mr. Caine schedules his novels and states that on August 1st, 1904, Mr. Caine will deliver to the world a novel on Iceland, "a novel of great primitive passion, strong, deep, fresh, true." This and more he says of Mr. Caine, because he has announced that his present trip to Iceland will probably furnish him with material for his next novel.

But why should not an author announce his plans in advance and issue a schedule of his forthcoming books? The lawyer, the politician, the millionaire, the philanthropist and the artist have something to say when the reporter calls, and why not the novelist?

All these men make their plans, exhibit "splendid executive ability, promptitude and push," and why not Mr. Caine and the other bookwriters? And why should he not turn to unexplored fields and set out to gather his material at first hand instead of collecting it from books of travel and guide-books?

In the Dominion Exhibition of art, shown recently in Toronto, there were some pictures of the Rockies which indicated by their extravagant colouring that they had been manufactured in Toronto studios and not "on the spot." Would it not have been better for the artists to "do" the Rockies and bring back studies which were more true to nature? Surely, Paul Kane's hundred Indian heads would not have brought \$10,000 if the painter

had not tramped across the prairie to "do" the Indian. Art is not less art because the artist attempts to be accurate instead of fanciful.

Jack London, the California author, broke out of the University of California in the middle of his freshman year and went over the Chilcoot Pass with the first of the Klondike rush in 1897. There he gathered material for articles and books, the latest of which claims attention this month. Is this Klondike book less an artistic product because Mr. London actually "did" the Klondike?

"The Call of the Wild"* is the story of Buck, a cross between a St. Bernard and a shepherd dog. He was stolen from a comfortable kennel in Southern California, shipped to Seattle, beaten into submission, sent to Dyea, broken into harness, and made to draw the Canadian mails to Dawson. Perrault and François, the Frenchman and the Halfbreed, assisted by other dogs born and bred to the harness, taught him the game, and he played it well.

"Day after day, for days unending, Buck toiled in the traces. Always, they broke camp in the dark, and the first gray of dawn found them hitting the trail with fresh miles reeled off behind them. And always they pitched camp after dark, eating their bit of fish, and crawling to sleep into the snow. Buck was ravenous. The pound and a half of sun-dried salmon, which was his ration for each day, seemed to go nowhere. He never had enough, and suffered from perpetual hunger pangs. Yet the other dogs, because they weighed less and were born to the life,

* "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

received a pound only of the fish and managed to keep in good condition. . . .

"This first theft marked Buck as fit to survive in the hostile Northland environment. It marked his adaptability, his capacity to adjust himself to changing conditions, the lack of which would have meant swift and terrible death. It marked, further, the decay or going to pieces of his moral nature, a vain thing and a handicap in the ruthless struggle for existence. It was all well enough in the Southland, under the law of love and fellowship, to respect private property and personal feelings; but in the Northland, under the law of club and fang, whoso took such things into account was a fool, and in so far as he observed them he would fail to prosper."

The author magnificently traces the development of Buck's new-born cunning, and his ultimate desire for the leadership held by Fitz, the Spitzbergen. But they pulled into Dawson with the great fight between Fitz and Buck still to come. After a week's rest they started back. The fight to the death came one day as they broke away to chase a rabbit, and Fitz short-cutted to a victory which Buck had decided was his. The description of that fight is worthy of all praise.

In less than five months these dogs travelled twenty-five hundred miles, during the last eighteen hundred of which they had only five days' rest.

E. R. Young had told something about the huskies, but his story is amateurish lyric as compared with this strong, vivid, masterly drama by Mr. Loudon.

WASTED ENERGY

There is no doubt that many novels are but depressing examples of wasted energy. Nothing more brilliantly indicative of this has recently been given to fate than "The Master of Millions,"* by George C. Lorimer. The

*Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co.

advertisement says: "The author has written this story after years spent in collecting material and out of a life crowded with experience." Exactly; therein lies the fault. It is one long, magnificent jumble, running into five hundred and eighty-eight large pages. Imagine any man trying to disrobe the pretenses and hypocrisy of modern life, in the world of business, religion and fashion, in one volume! It is a ridiculous attempt, and a ridiculous result. The characters are too numerous to be counted. The stage is crowded with them, and the dresses are not sufficiently distinctive to allow the onlooker to keep tally of them. There are some stirring scenes, some splendid situations, some excellent



W. ALBERT HICKMAN

The Canadian author, whose novel "The Sacrifice of the Shannon," has attracted much attention in both Canada and the United States.

PHOTO BY ROWLEY, TORONTO



EMPEROR WILHELM'S BOOK-PLATE

moralizing, but there is no simplicity in plot or action. One almost weeps over the failure, because one cannot fail to be impressed with the sincerity and high-mindedness of the ambitious author.

The tragedies of life in Scotland, in London, in South Africa, in Australia, are all drawn upon to render tribute to this "drama of modern civilization." Adventure, romance, love, hate, crime, moral debasement, nobility—all the vices and virtues in the calendar are drawn upon to supply motives for the numerous characters and the multitudinous bits of conduct or action. Perhaps its vastness is the quality which the author desired to attain. If so he has gained his desire. The reviewer admits that he is overwhelmed.

NEW BRUNSWICK HISTORY

The abominable text-book on Canadian History in use in most of the Provinces is rapidly being discarded by teachers. It is a collection of facts and dates crudely woven together, and quite unattractive. Other books are

required to take its place, and this is, no doubt, the explanation of Gage's Provincial Histories. The Manitoba volume has already been noticed. The New Brunswick* volume, by G. U. Hay, is to hand.

Mr. Hay's volume is well planned and his language is, in the main, simple and natural. He tells a story as every historian should. The early Indian life, the explorations of Cartier, de Monts and Champlain, the later Indian history, the migrations of the Acadians, and the coming of the Loyalists bring the history down to the present century. The growing settlements, the boundary disputes and Confederation are the chief subjects requiring discussion in the later history of the Province. The chapter on Confederation is illuminative of New Brunswick's peculiar position in that movement.

But while the language is simple and natural, the style is not deserving of great praise. Apparently Mr. Hay never learned "to parse;" or having learned it, he afterwards found it unworthy of much consideration. For example take the following sentences: "To Rev. W. O. Raymond and James Vroom, Esq., he is indebted for assistance in reading proofs; and to the courtesy of many ladies and gentlemen who have loaned photographs for illustrations." The expression "indebted to the courtesy" is hardly allowable. "The number of loyalists . . . was nearly 12,000 persons." The last word is unnecessary, to say the least. "The foundations of our prosperity and political institutions" is another double phrase which is not indicative of good taste on the part of the writer. "During the following years all were kept busy in building homes and providing for their wants, in which the British Government freely aided, not only in lands and building material, but also in money." This is a splendid conglomeration of ideas and construction. "Books were very few" is not

*A History of New Brunswick, by G. U. Hay. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co. Cloth, 176 pp. Illustrated.

an elegant expression. "The lot of the early missionaries . . . was not exposed to such dangers" is rather peculiar.

It seems strange that our authors, educationists, and professors of English are not able to exhibit a more polished diction. Perhaps the crudeness is partly due to the desire of the publishers to keep the educated man poor by stinting that remuneration which alone would enable our writers to exercise greater thoroughness.



NOTES

The September *Bookseller and Stationer* says: "Sales of books during August have not been particularly encouraging." Bravo! The public is at last awakening to the fact that the publishers have been buncoing them. The stampede is over once more. The public will now buy more warily.

There is a new Canadian edition of "Earth's Enigmas"* on the market. It has two commendable features. There are three new stories, "The House at Stony Lonesome," "The Hill of Chastisement," and "On the Tantramar Dyke." The second feature is the pictures by Charles Livingston Bull, whose work is already familiar to Canadians in "The Kindred of the Wild." Professor Roberts' poetic temperament has prevented his yielding to the commercialism of modern fiction and his stories are always dainty and refined. Some day his style will be studied in the universities—when Canada has lost the self-consciousness which seems to be a drag on all young peoples face to face with an older civilization than their own. Whether he is dealing with the problems of life, transcribing a dream, or depicting the "scenes from that simple life of Canadian backwoods and tide-country with which my earlier years made me familiar," he maintains his ideals in plot and language.

* *Earth's Enigmas*, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, illustrated.

Justin Huntly McCarthy's new novel is called "The Proud Prince," and it will be issued here shortly. Mr. McCarthy will contribute a short story to the Christmas CANADIAN MAGAZINE. He is making almost as much headway in fiction as his father has done in descriptive history.

Horace Lester Hale, a London (Ont.) journalist who died recently, wrote a few worthy poems. A friend of his, Hubert McBean Johnston, who contributes to this number of the MAGAZINE, has collected the best of these and published them under the simple title "Verses." The poems vary much in style and theme, but certainly a new Canadian poet has come—and gone.

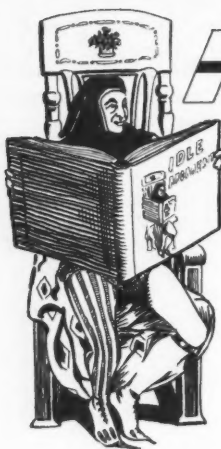
Another student of the University of Toronto has distinguished himself in science. W. R. Carr's paper "On the Laws Governing Electric Discharges in Gases at Low Pressure" has been published among the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London.

"The Saint of The Dragon's Dale" by William Stearns Davis is an excellent addition to Macmillan's series of "Little Novels."

"Toronto As it Was and Is" is as concise and entertaining an account of the history of Toronto as has yet been written. The author, William T. James, has carefully passed over the unimportant and placed emphasis on the dramatic and epoch-making events.

The Ontario Government's "Report of the Bureau of Mines, 1903," is a bulky and valuable volume.

Norman Duncan, whose stories of the sturdy fisher folk of the north, contributed to various magazines, will be brought out this fall by McClure, Phillips & Co., under the title of "The Way of the Sea," has departed upon another trip to the Labrador coast. This will make his fifth season there. He went on the hospital ship "Strathcona," as the guest of Dr. Grenfell. Mr. Duncan is off in search of material for a novel of the north coast people.



IDLE MOMENTS

"THE MOTHER OF WALES"

THE Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in his little "Book of North Wales," tells many excellent stories. Amongst these is an anecdote of Catherine of Berain, known as Mam Cymru, the Mother of Wales, because she founded so many families. "She was first married to John Salusbury, of Lleweni, and by him became the mother of Sir John Salusbury, who was born with two thumbs to each hand and was noted for his prodigious strength. At the funeral of her husband, Sir Richard Clough gave her his arm. Outside the churchyard stood Maurice Wynn, of Gwydir, awaiting a decent opportunity of proposing to her. As she issued from the gate he did this. 'Very sorry,' replied Catherine, 'but I have just accepted Sir Richard Clough. Should I survive him, I will marry you.' She was as good as her word and married yet a fourth before she died in 1591."

LORD CURZON'S INDUSTRY

A friend of Lord Curzon writes to the *Westminster Gazette*:—"In your London letter (of Aug. 5) you refer to Mr. Ian Malcolm's testimony to the indefatigable industry of the Viceroy. This quality has been characteristic of his whole life. He was considerably

my junior, but I saw much of him during his last two years at Oxford. His failure to secure a 'First in Greats' was a bitter disappointment to him, and he went almost at once on a tour through Egypt to Damascus and Baalbec. I was one day surprised to get a letter from him, addressed from somewhere on the Nile, enclosing the earlier pages of an essay he was engaged in writing for 'the Lothian Prize.' They were inscribed on the most irregular scraps of paper and had been penned or pencilled on 'dahabi-yehs' on the Nile, in camping-out tents, and on camel back, and they were followed by the remainder of an equally patchwork description. He asked me to verify a few quotations, giving all the references, and to have it copied or printed (I forget which), and sent in under the customary motto. George Curzon—as he then was—swore me to secrecy, as he did not want it to be known that he had competed and failed, as he expected to do. As a matter of fact, he won the prize. The subject was 'Justinian,' and I asked him afterwards how he managed to put his essay together under such unfavourable conditions. He told me that he had spent a month at the British Museum making notes and had taken out with him a small portable library. Few University prizes, I imagine, have been won in such circumstances."

THE NASTY FOREIGNER

"THIS," says the leading citizen, pausing before a large tree inclosed in a fancy iron railing, "is one of our little town's most treasured landmarks."

"Indeed?" asks the foreign visitor.

"Was it planted by one of your Presidents—or is it where your mobs lynch their victims?"—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*.

THE ENVIABLE ANCIENTS

There was a time when I was bent
On nobly duplicating
The deeds of heroes eminent
Who had a classic rating.

But what's the use of being fired
With good and great ambitions?
For glory such as I desired
We lack the right conditions.

Columbus now might sail the sea
Only to die unnoted;
No continents remain to be
Discovered and promoted.

No tyrant of the ancient style
Could be a modern hero;
The walking delegate would smile
At amateurs like Nero.

Saint George, to-day, would wholly lack
A chance to do his duty;
No burglar-dragon, now, would crack
A woman's club for booty.

Henry the Eighth once led the van
In marrying full quota;
But he would be an also-ran
Divorcé in Dakota.

No jaunt like that Ulysses took
Would set our poets spouting;
The trippers toured by Thomas Cook
Would laugh at such an outing.

Mohammed's lucky to have made
His fame secure already;
For nowadays he'd lose his trade
To Mary Baker Eddy.

Like Alexander, I could stand
And snivel—just as he did;
No other worlds are handy, and
No conquerors are needed.

—F. R. Bachelder, in *Life*

THE LATE CARICATURIST

Such little store of hatred as Phil May had was reserved for side and snobbery, says the *Free Lance*. Once he had made a sketch on the back of a menu-card as a souvenir for the hostess and a guest sent him across the table a written request for a duplicate, accompanied with a ten-pound note. May at once sketched a replica of the

hasty effort on the back of the bank-note and returned it with his compliments. Could anything be finer? He granted the request and accepted the appraisal of value without lowering himself by accepting payment.

THE HOME OF THE FUTURE

"In time," says Professor H. Marion, of the United States Naval Academy, "talking-machine disks will take the place of text-books. Paper-backed novels will disappear, and, instead of reading printed books, the litterateur will only have to put a disk in his machine and have the novel read to him in the living voice of the creator."

At evening, when the lamps are lit,
Our home is one of peace;
About the phonographs we sit
And all our troubles cease.
The whirling disk at mother's ear
Is telling how to cook,
And father's trying hard to hear
"The Great Campaign of Crook."

The baby turns on Mother Goose;
The older sister sighs
When Lady Clare, with no excuse,
Through one whole chapter cries.
The boys are hearing pirate scenes,
Of skull and bones and dirk;
The younger girls have magazines
That warble fancy work.

The medley comes: "Set on the stove
And simmer half a day—
The enemy's in yonder grove—
His name is Dapple Gray—
Alas! My lover loves me not!
Embroider this in green—
Now rake their sides with solid shot!
With silk floss in between."

And "Mary had a little lamb—
Peel with a kitchen knife—
The guiding star of Amsterdam—
I come, my own, my life!
Wherever Crook took the command—
The lamb was sure to go"—
Our home life is serene and grand;
The disks have made it so.

—*Chicago Tribune*

SCOTCH

Seeing a Scotch boy fall into the water at a seaside resort, a man jumped in, brought him safely to shore and



BEGGAR—"Spare a copper, lidy, to 'elp a poor man out of work. I'm a timber merchant by profession."

LADY—"What kind of a timber merchant?"

BEGGAR—"Well—I—um—sell matches, lidy!"—*Punch*

took him to his father, who had been standing apparently anxiously awaiting them. The father looked at the son for a few moments. Then an expression of displeasure passed over his countenance. "Whaur's his bunnet?" he demanded of the rescuer.

A NOTABLE RETORT

It is not often that family quarrels produce so witty a retort as the following, says the *Tatler*: Two related families quarrelled, but the daughter of one being about to marry, the mother of the other thought it a good

opportunity to make things up and so sent her a pretty wedding-present. The other side, however, was implacable and the present was returned. Thereupon the donor of the latter wrote to the bride-elect: "If you are foolish enough to prefer a family jar to a silver powder-box so much the worse for you, and I pity you."

SELECTED

Driving at rather more than regulation speed in an English country lane, a motorist overtook a man and a dog. The man jumped to one side, the dog was killed. Instantly the motorist stopped, leapt from his car, pressed three

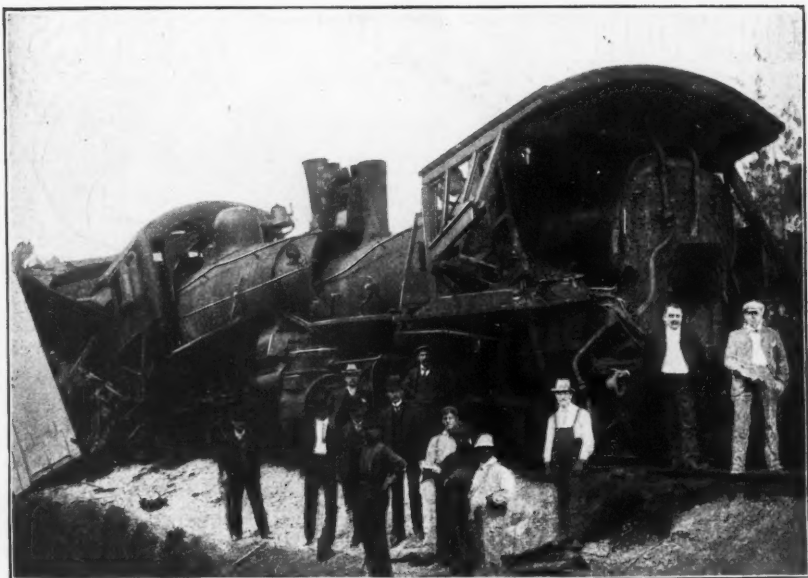
sovereigns into the man's hand and fled. The man gazed after him and then at the money. "He's very kind," he said softly to himself; "but I wonder to whom the poor dog belonged."

Two inebriated Paisley weavers, approaching each other from opposite directions, met at the Cross and stood glaring at each other.

First Weaver: "Are you Jimmy Macfarlane?"

Second Weaver (making grimaces): "No, I'm no' Jimmy Macfarlane."

First Weaver (hitting out at Second Weaver's face), "Weel, tak' that fer bein' sae like 'im!" (Tableau!)



TWO ENGINES IN COLLISION SHOWING THE TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION CAUSED
 PHOTO BY N. T. GREENWOOD

between the Red Jackets and the Caledonians on the Don River which flows through Toronto and empties into the Bay. The brooms and stones are more modern than the costumes of the players, but the spirit of the sport is exhibited in all its enthusiasm.

The Red Jacket Rink was a small organization of enthusiasts which made a tour of Ontario with the object of popularizing the sport. It was famous for several years.

✱

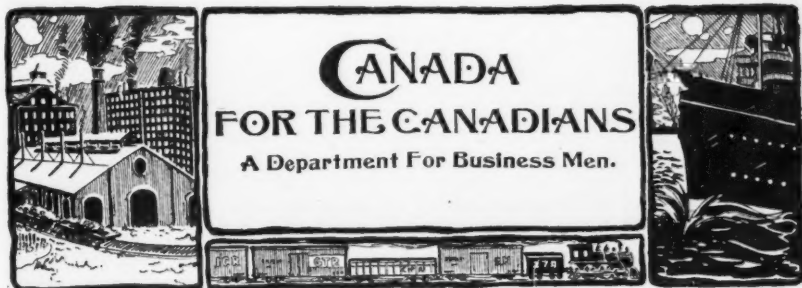
RAILWAY COLLISIONS

When two engines, each weighing fifty tons or more, collide at full speed, the destruction is terrible. Any person who has not actually seen the result of such a collision can have little idea of what it means. The accompanying photograph of a recent collision in Ontario is not the worst example that might be given. This was only a moderate impact. Yet it will

be noticed that the two engines are interlocked in a most "strenuous" manner, their smoke chambers and "forward works" being almost entirely destroyed. The cylinders are touching each other.

Any reader who desires to understand the danger an engineer runs, even in a moderate collision, has only to imagine—slowly—what would have happened to him if he had been in the cab which for a fraction of a second filled the space occupied in the picture by the two men to the right of the photograph. If that does not give him enough realistic ideas, let him look further into the picture to where the cab and the tender of the farther engine are locked in a murderous embrace and imagine the fate of the man caught there.

Single-track railways will soon be condemned by society generally. Under modern conditions of speed and traffic, they are nothing short of murderous in busy districts.



ONE has to be very much alive these days to keep posted on Canadian progress. Here are some recent additions:

EXPORTS OF BUTTER.

1900-1901	\$3,295,063
1901-1902	5,600,541
1902-1903	6,954,618

EXPORTS OF CHEESE.

1900-1901	\$20,696,951
1901-1902	19,686,291
1902-1903	24,712,943

EXPORTS OF BACONS AND HAMS.

1900-1901	\$11,778,446
1901-1902	12,403,793
1902-1903	15,906,334

More than 95 per cent. of these exports went to Great Britain. Moral: No business-man should advocate any fiscal policy which will hamper the farmer, for on him depends the prosperity of the country.

A visiting British manufacturer raised a novel question when discussing the advisability of a preferential tariff on wheat. "If we in England give you a preference on your wheat, will you let the farmer have the full benefit of it, or will you use it as an excuse to raise the tariff so that the Canadian manufacturer may increase his prices?" He said that his experience told him that the manufacturers usually managed to get the lion's share of any profit that was available. He feared that the preference even if granted, by Great Britain would not do the Canadian farmer much good. The transportation companies by raising

freight rates, the elevator companies by raising elevating and storage rates, the wheat broker by increasing his profits, and the manufacturer by increasing his prices, might easily eat up the whole preference. One could not avoid thinking that here was a man who knew something of the ways of wily traders. He is a successful manufacturer in Sheffield and has had nearly a half century of valuable experience. Besides it was apparent that he had gone through life with his eyes hard open.

Could the Government guarantee that the preference would reach the farmer? It could only do so by having a Government railway which could carry the wheat at present rates if it were necessary to do so. This means that the Intercolonial should be extended to the Georgian Bay, at least. This sounds like an argument in favour of Mr. Blair's stand on the transportation question. If it is, so much the better for Mr. Blair's position. The writer desires to say, however, that he never talked with Mr. Blair in his life, and that the Sheffield manufacturer had not then heard of Mr. Blair and his stand. Those who believe that the Intercolonial should be extended to the Georgian Bay cannot be expected to change that belief because Mr. Blair and Mr. Borden happen to become converted to the idea.

The Dominion Exhibition at Toronto has popularized the phrase "Made

in Canada." The placard, which is reproduced here, was everywhere.

The following remarks from the *Toronto News* are worthy of study by business men:

"The processes of manufacture carried on in the various buildings are the strong attractions on the industrial side of the Fair. These form living, active exhibits, compared with which the most artistically arranged display of inert matter is uninteresting. The eye of the Exposition visitor, accustomed to tasteful edifices of manufactured goods, is surfeited with colour and form as shown in the trophies of the factory. The attention is but mo-

93
rugs that attract the eye by the beauty of design and colouring, when seen in the loom have a different interest for the housewife. And so it is through the wide range of mechanical activity that forms so valuable a feature of this year's Exposition.

"The idea of demonstration is carried beyond mechanics, and finds expression in educational classes for boys and girls, the former with their tools in manual training, and the latter with their flour and food ingredients in domestic science. This form of experimental teaching is viewed by multitudes of housekeepers, who probably know as well as the lecturer how the



REPRODUCTION OF A CARD PREPARED BY THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION TO BE AFFIXED TO CANADIAN EXHIBITS AT THE DOMINION EXHIBITION RECENTLY HELD IN TORONTO

mentarily arrested by the finest display the artist can prepare. In the process building it is different. There things are being done that few have any knowledge of, and the whirr of the machinery draws the attention to a simple method of manufacture that the observer finds interesting because it is informing. The making of elastic hosiery with a machine that has not been improved in one hundred years retains the interest of a throng that could not be induced to examine the completed article for an instant. Men and women watch the whole process of boot making, who would pass unnoticed the finest display of footwear that could be got together. The great

work should be done. But they linger at the class, held by the movement; by the doing of the thing. The same applies to the demonstrations in the dairy building, where the commodious theatre is fairly well filled at those hours when the work is going on.

"The human mind responds quickly to every suggestion of motion. It exhilarates in proportion to its rapidity, until it reaches a point beyond safety when it terrifies. That is the law underlying the pleasure that is experienced in watching the myriad processes of manufacture, the swiftly revolving machinery and the marvellous accuracy of performance."

3528X47 ✓



WUX